

# The Sketch

No. 690.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1906.

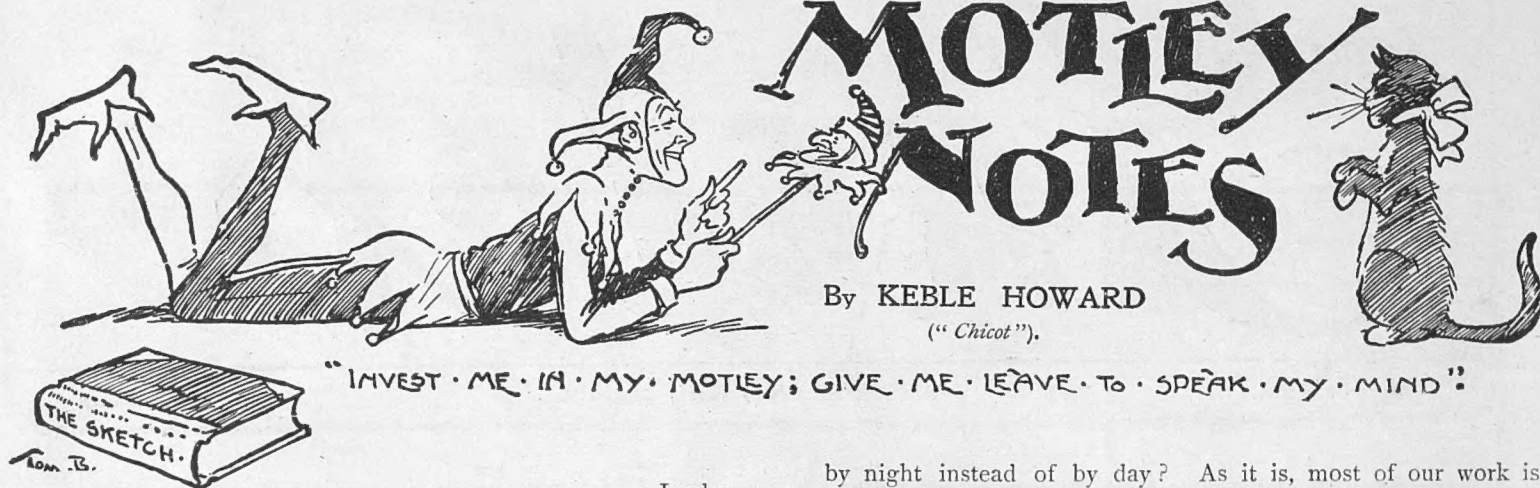
SIXPENCE.



[*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*]

MISS MAUDI DARRELL AS MISS TRULY ST. CYR  
IN "THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AT THE ALDWYCH.





THIS the wise man, they say, who grips Time by the forelock. Good manners, of course, are quite out of place in business. Business—always to be written with a large "B"—covers a multitude of sins. Business is dearer than honour, more sacred than hospitality. Proudly, therefore, I inform you that I have been taking advantage of his Easter snooze to grab Time by the forelock. I have been looking so far ahead as the Silly Season—those golden weeks of high summer when the grievances of Great Britain pass the simmering-point and boil over into the parched columns of the daily newspapers. I have taken the trouble to think out a few subjects strictly suitable for discussion in the London Press, and I have even drafted the opening letters. It is usual, I am aware, to lead off with a letter of prodigious length. This is a mistake. Your opening letter should be brief, in order that the majority of the public may be induced to read it. The subsequent letters may be as long as you like. The twentieth-century newspaper-patron, you know, would far rather write a column than read one. And the success of a Silly Season discussion, anyway, depends, not upon the people who write the letters or the people who read them, but upon the vast numbers who contribute letters that are never printed.

With these introductory remarks, I pass to the first subject. It is entitled (always put your title in the form of a question)—

#### DO WE SMILE TOO MUCH?

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you will extend to me the courtesy of your columns in order that I may draw the attention of your readers to a growing custom that, in my opinion, threatens seriously to affect, not only our national reputation for sanity, but also our physiognomical supremacy. I allude, Sir, to our habit of smiling idiotically on any and every occasion. Under certain circumstances, I admit, it is permissible to relax the features slightly, as when the collector of the income tax (on which subject I hope to have the honour of addressing you some other time) trips over the loose stair-rod and strikes his head against the corner of the bathroom-door. But why do we smile at the man who apologises for having tried his hardest to edge us into the gutter? At the woman who insists on introducing us to somebody we have no desire to know? At the person introduced? At puns? At epigrams? At topical songs? At riddles? At children? At cats? At dogs? At foreigners? At curates? Such constant smiling, Sir, although your readers may not be aware of the fact, makes wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, enlarges the mouth, loosens the hair in the scalp, exposes the teeth to treacherous draughts, and interrupts the flow of blood to the brain. I enclose my card, and beg to remain, Yours obediently,

SPHINX.

The second letter I offer to some Socialistic organ—

#### WHY WORK BY DAY?

SIR,—May I, through your valuable columns, moot a subject that seems to be entirely mootable, but which has not yet been mooted? I am anxious to know, on behalf of all those who, like myself, are not possessed of independent incomes and are therefore compelled to work for a living, whether it would not be possible, in view of the changing conditions with regard to those regulations that affect the poorer classes of the community, to rearrange the hours of labour all over the country in such a way that the very humblest among us would be enabled to enjoy the daylight and sunshine to which we are surely as fully entitled as those whom fortune has elected to place in happier if not more useful circumstances? In short, why should we not work

by night instead of by day? As it is, most of our work is done by artificial light! Surely, Sir, you will agree with me that something ought to be—nay, *must* be done? Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours sincerely,

MILLY THE MOLE.

Turn we now to a lighter topic—

#### HAVE ANIMALS A SENSE OF HUMOUR?

SIR,—Is it not possible that we are in error in supposing that the sense of humour is entirely confined to the human race? I have a dear little dog, an Irish terrier named Flaptail, and although it is true that Flaptail cannot laugh aloud, I have often thought that I could detect in his bark something akin to the human "chuckle"—more, of course, like the chuckle of the male than the lady. Some years ago, too, I had a parrot, to which, in order that I might distinguish it from various parrots belonging to my friends, I gave the name of Pollie. It may seem slightly absurd to those who do not know my husband, but not only could that parrot mimic his voice, but also his way of walking and of holding his head. Indeed, so expert did the creature become that it quite upset the gravity of the servants, and I was obliged to get rid of it. Do you not think Pollie had a distinct sense of humour?

Trusting that some of your readers will give me the benefit of their opinions on the subject, I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HAPPILY MARRIED.

No Silly Season would be complete, of course, in which some paper did not take up the subject of Love. I have provided for that with—

#### IS LOVE BAD FOR THE DIGESTION?

SIR,—I have recently been reading a novel by a lady of advanced views in which it is stated that love is bad for the digestion. The assertion is not made quite so bluntly as that; indeed, I believe it is in the form of an epigram. I know, at any rate, that the novelist explains herself by saying that girls or men when in love forget to eat at the usual hours, and therefore injure their digestive organs. Now, Sir, I myself am in love at the present moment. What is more, I am very deeply in love. I may not, I fear, mention the lady's Christian name, but, if I did, you would at once recognise it as the name of a lady with whom one would be deeply in love if one were in love with her at all. But that is all beside the point. What I want to make quite clear is that love has in no way interfered with my digestion. I can eat anything—except a certain vegetable often pickled, and I could eat that if I were allowed to. My object in writing this letter is to undo any possible harm that may be done by the statement in this novel. It seems to me, Sir, that it will be a bad day for England when it is generally admitted that love and pickled pork cannot walk, so to speak, hand in hand.—I am, Sir, yours anxiously,

AMOROUS OSTRICH.

Finally, I have had a dash at a scientific subject—

#### IS THE MOON REALLY ROUND?

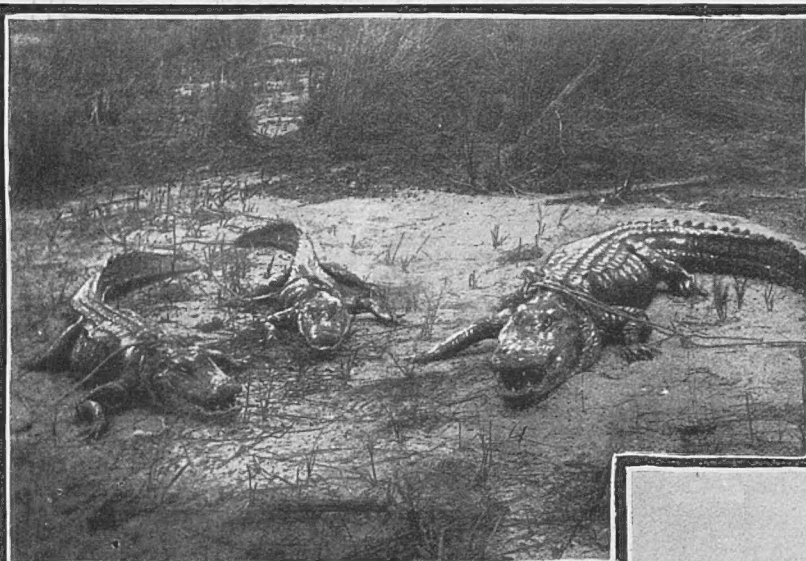
SIR,—May I endeavour to elicit the opinions of your numerous readers on a subject that must be of the greatest possible interest to all those of contemplative habits? My question is this: Have we any reason to suppose that the moon is actually round? I will tell you what put the idea into my head. A few nights ago, I had been spending the evening at a friend's house, and whilst driving home it suddenly occurred to me that the moon, instead of being round, as is commonly supposed, *was oval*! I need hardly add that my wife, who was not with me, pooh-poohed the idea.—Yours, etc.,

ANGLO-INDIAN.

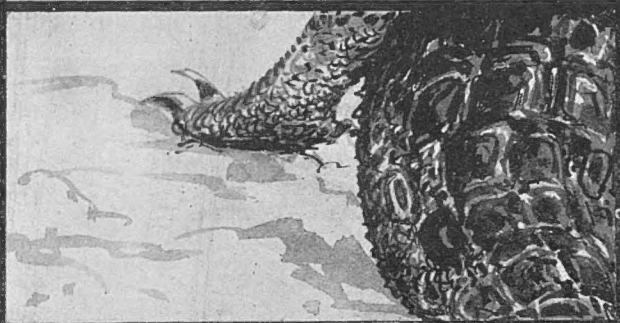
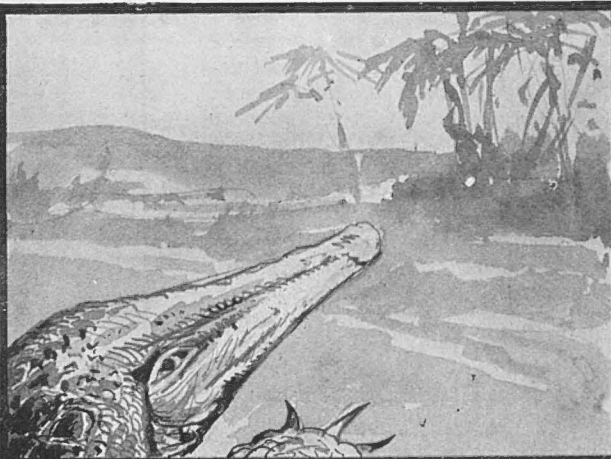


# MAKING "THE COKEDRILLES TO FLEE":

HUNTING CROCODILES IN THE MARSHES OF FLORIDA.



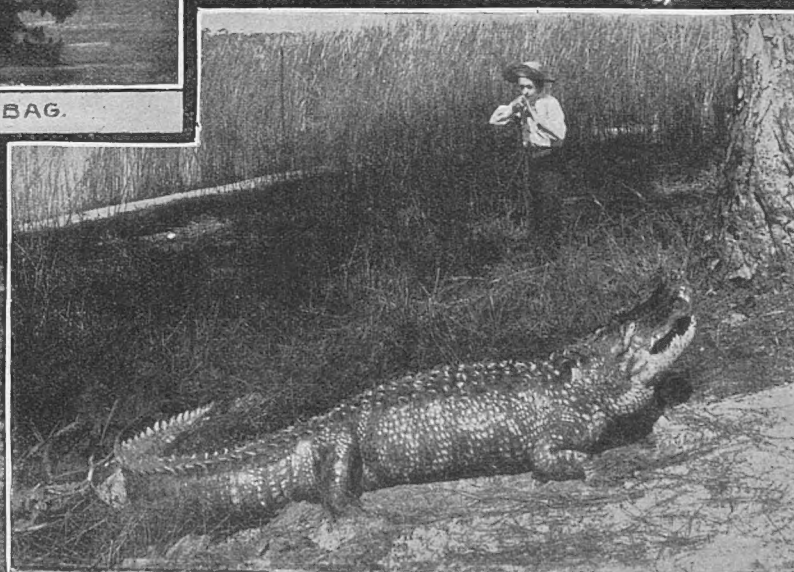
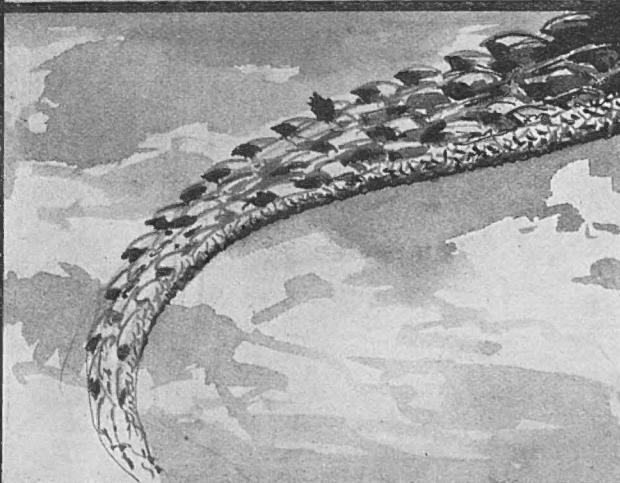
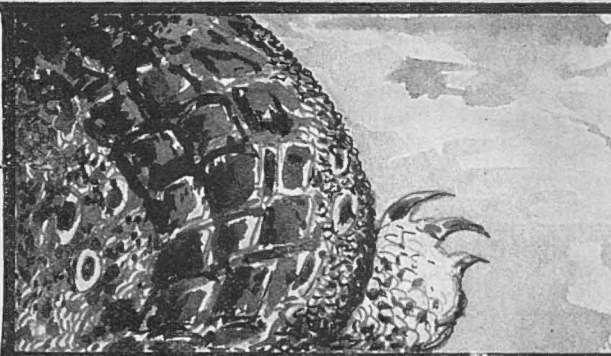
CROCODILES CAUGHT IN ROPE TRAPS IN THE MARSHES OF FLORIDA.



A CROCODILE-HUNT IN FULL SWING.



PART OF THE CROCODILE-HUNTERS' BAG.



A BOY HUNTER AND HIS QUARRY.

Says Mandeville in his "Travels":—"Sūme men seyn, that whan thei will gadre the Peper, thei maken Fuyr, and brennen aboute, to make the Serpentes and the Cokedrilles to flee." The modern method of dealing with the crocodile, here illustrated, is at least as scientific as the old, and probably more efficacious.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Taximètre Cabs—Short Journeys and Fares—  
The Cabs and the Theatres—"Gagged at"  
for Wearing Evening Dress—Hals in the  
Stalls.*

I REMARKED in Paris that the *taximètre* had not improved the breed of the cab-horse, and was told that so many people on the boulevards now use fiacres for short distances that the horses are worked off their legs. As all the world knows, there is a continuous line of prowling cabs on both sides of the road on the big boulevards and the main streets which run into them, and any man in a hurry now jumps into one and has a franc's worth of drive—seventy-five centimes for the fare and twenty-five centimes as a *pourboire*. I find myself that, in Paris, if I am walking out to dine and am a little late, I now, instead of quickening my pace, indulge in a drive for a franc. I see cabs driving up to the entrances of the Paris Metropolitan Railway nowadays, which I never noticed before, and the fiacre has gained a new lease of life by the adoption of short fares for short journeys.

In London sevenpence-halfpenny would be an awkward fare; but if eightpence were the legal fare for a mile, and the drivers were content with fourpence as a tip, many men would not mind spending a shilling, all told, on a short drive. Most men who use cabs give the driver eighteenpence, however short the drive may be. The advance of a penny at a time over the lowest amount, shown by the dial as one goes along, is very comforting, for in the Paris of to-day no dispute with a cabman, except as to his *pourboire*, is possible.

If the cabs are to continue to exist in London they must become, as they have become in Paris, a quick, cheap method of covering short distances in streets where the tramways or underground railways do not run. Otherwise they may sink to the state of the New York cabs, those vehicles which it costs a dollar to call off a rank, and which nobody except young Americans with money to burn and new-landed Englishmen use. Our custom of going to the theatre in evening dress will keep the night cab on the streets for some years to come, but I should not be at all surprised to find that ornamental custom changed in a few years by the alteration in our conveyances.

The French have adopted many English customs, the daily tub and the five-o'clock tea amongst them, but, with the exception of the very smart young men and the comparatively small coterie of the best clubs, the Parisian does not put on dress clothes to go to the theatre. He is in his black coat; he grasps his silk hat in his hand or puts it in the clip on the back of the seat before him, and his



AN ARCHER WHO IS TO SHOOT BEFORE THE KING: SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, BT.

Sir Ralph, whose seat is at Thirsk, is an enthusiastic rifle-shot and archer. It is his boast that he can shoot an arrow a quarter of a mile, and when in his best form hit the centre of the gold nine times out of ten. The King has asked him to give an exhibition of archery before him. He will do this in June, and is now hard at work practising.—[Photograph by Rinton.]

understand all this very well, and it is one of the reasons why the piece of the evening never begins before nine o'clock. There is a great difference between wearing hats on the way to

umbrella is tied up with his coat by the hands of the harpies called *ouvreuses*, who guard the inner portals. If he has taken Madame to the theatre, she wears her hat. Should it be raining cats and dogs when the performance is over, the Parisian has not to wait in the lobby of the theatre until somebody fetches a cab for him; the whole audience goes out into the street at once, putting up umbrellas if it is raining.

In America very much the same custom prevails. A business man goes to the theatre, as a rule, in his black coat, and his wife wears a head-covering. Dress-clothes are not so much the exception now as they used to be, but in the exhibition year at Chicago I was "gagged at" by a low comedian on the stage because I was in evening dress in a box in one of the minor theatres in that city. I was the only man in evening dress in the house. An American audience, like a French one, goes straight out into the street and does not encumber the entrances like swarming bees, as our audiences do.

It may be that the custom which is growing up of ladies dining at restaurants in their hats may be the first step towards taking head-coverings to theatres, though I fancy that any lady would sooner risk a downpour of rain upon her bare head than allow the very gorgeous triumphs of the hat-maker which I see at dinner-time to be spoiled. No doubt, if it became the custom for ladies to wear high dresses in the stalls and to don some simple hat which they would take off before the play began, it would spoil the appearance of our audiences, for there is no gathering inside a foreign theatre, except on gala nights at the operas, which can compare in brilliancy with a British audience in a London theatre; but the managers would secure a good deal of casual custom which now goes to the variety theatres. A young couple dining at home and feeling an inclination to go to some entertainment afterwards generally go to one of the larger music-halls, because they are not in fine enough feathers for the stalls of a theatre. In Paris or New York they would go in the first place to a theatre, to ask if there were vacant places there. The Parisian managers

a theatre and wearing hats in a theatre. Heaven forbid that I should ever suggest that ladies should keep their hats on in the stalls at evening performances. I have suffered enough from the hats of my neighbours in the stalls of Parisian theatres during the past fortnight to cure me of any desire to see the like in London theatres. I watched all one play at the Vaudeville through the brim of a huge, semi-transparent hat, and on several other occasions I saw a great deal more of back plumes of ostrich-feathers, like the dancing head-dresses of Kaffir Indunas, than I did of the stage.



Mrs. Nathan.

THE AUNT OF A SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE IN HER FRIED-FISH SHOP.

A popular story runs that Mrs. Polly Nathan, who has a fried-fish shop in Middlesex Street, is the aunt of a South African millionaire who has offered her a large money inducement to sell her business and retire. It is said that she has refused this.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.



"THE LITTLE CHERUB" SCORES A CENTURY.



MISS GABRIELLE RAY AS LADY DOROTHY CONGRESS.

The hundredth performance of "The Little Cherub" was given at the Prince of Wales's on Saturday last. The play has been changed somewhat during its run, and several alterations have been made in the cast.

FROM THE DRAWING BY REGINALD PANNETT.



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**

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 MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH as "Portia." EVERY EVENING (this week), at 8,  
 in Shakespeare's Play, **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** MATINEE WED. and SAT. at 2.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.**

EVERY EVENING, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S Musical Play, **THE LITTLE CHERUB.** MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

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 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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 In a New Comedy, **HIS HOUSE IN ORDER,** by A. W. PINERO.  
 Mr. George Alexander; Miss Irene Vanbrugh. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. at 2.

**CRITERION THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee, Sir Charles Wyndham.  
 Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 9, MR. FRANK CURZON'S  
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**THE VAGABONDS.** MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 3.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**H**ER MAJESTY'S gift of a beautiful diamond-and-ruby pendant,  
 accompanied by a charming personal message of congratula-  
 tion, was the one thing needed to round off and complete the  
 forthcoming jubilee celebrations of Miss Ellen Terry. The ever-  
 youthful Queen Alexandra to the ever-youthful Queen of the Stage—  
 the incident has an appropriateness all its own. Her Majesty, although  
 her strongest taste has always been for music, nevertheless fully shares  
 King Edward's interest in the drama, and has always gone with him  
 to the best plays. Of late years her Majesty has become a special  
 patron of the peculiarly modern genre of children's plays, no doubt  
 incited thereto by her little flock of grandchildren. But of good  
 acting, in whatever form it is displayed, she is a discriminating and  
 yet kindly critic, while for Ellen Terry's genius she has long had the  
 greatest admiration. So did Queen Victoria delight in the sweet  
 womanliness of Helena Faucit.

On Tuesday afternoon Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will revive  
 the beautiful "Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden," by Laurence  
 Housman and Granville Barker, which the critical received with such  
 pleasant regard at the time of its production rather more than a year  
 ago. Mr. W. Graham Browne will take the part of Pierrot, originally  
 played by Mr. Granville Barker himself, while Miss Dorothy Minto  
 will be Prunella in place of Miss Thyrza Norman, who has been  
 ordered a rest by her doctors. The Statue of Love will again be  
 played by Mr. Lewis Casson, whose supreme repose was so strikingly  
 exemplified before; and other characters will be played by Mr. Nigel  
 Playfair, Mr. Trevor Lowe, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Edmund  
 Gurney, Miss Agnes Thomas, and Miss Margaret Busse.

It is still some few weeks off the French Elections, but the walls are  
 already blossoming with election literature, and the heart of election-  
 eering man is thumping with great principles. The quaintest of quaint  
 people appear at these times, and their particular brand of medicine  
 is calculated to cure all the ills of the body politic. The man for  
 whom we have the greatest sympathy, however, is Tristan Bernard.  
 M. Bernard is a professional humorist; that is to say, he is a  
 writer of plays so funny that they would make a cat laugh.  
 Fortunately for him, the people laugh as well, and pay to come and  
 laugh again. Well, M. Bernard has put up for Parliament, and he  
 calls himself a "Pacifiste Nationalist." A Nationalist means that  
 he belongs to the Conservative Opposition; a Pacifiste that he does  
 not want to fight. But the Opposition in France always wants to  
 fight somebody or something—they are the people who keep the  
 military kettle boiling. So the two titles do not seem to square. We  
 suspect that Tristan is at his old tricks, because when someone asked  
 him about his peace-at-any-price policy he just replied, "I shall  
 keep my army." Well, if Tristan has his army and France hers,  
 the country never need fear Morocco again. Eh?

**THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

HEINEMANN.  
**Serf Life in Russia.** Alexandra de Holstein  
 and Dora B. Montefiore. 3s. 6d.  
**Wild Justice.** Lloyd Osbourne. 6s.  
**The Sphinx's Lawyer.** Frank Danby. 6s.

HUTCHINSON.  
**Antoinette Sterling and Other Celebri-  
 ties.** M. Sterling Mackinley, M.A. 16s.  
**A Man of No Family.** C. C. and E. M.  
 Mott. 6s.  
**The Magic Island.** E. Everett-Green. 6s.  
**The Spanish Dowry.** L. Dougall. 6s.

SMITH, ELDER.  
**Salted Almonds.** F. Anstey. 6s.  
**If Youth But Knew.** Agnes and Egerton  
 Castle. 6s.

SISLEY.  
**Our John, M.P.** Keble Howard. 1s.  
**Paris.** Walter Emanuel. 1s.

G. ALLEN.  
**George's Whims.** Philip Whithard. 5s.

ALSTON RIVERS.  
**Home-Made History from Unreliable  
 Recipes.** Hansard Watt. 2s. 6d.  
**The Turk in the Balkans.** T. Comyn-  
 Platt. 3s. 6d.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL.  
**So called Skirts; or, Why Girls Should  
 Not Wear "Rationals."** Lato. 1s. 6d.

HURST AND BLACKETT.  
**The Flower of France.** Justin Huntly  
 McCarthy. 6s.

EDWARD ARNOLD.  
**Through India with the Prince.** G. F.  
 Abbott. 12s. 6d.

A. CONSTABLE.  
**Mr. John Stood.** Percy White. 6s.

GEORGE A. MORTON.  
**Rambles with a Fishing-Rod.** E. S.  
 Roscoe. 6s.

T. SEALEY CLARK.  
**The Green-Room Book.** Edited by Bamp-  
 ton Hunt.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE statement that the Pope intends to send the Golden Rose to our newest "H.R.H." Princess Ena of Battenberg, on the occasion of her marriage, is particularly interesting, for should she receive the gift the future Queen of Spain will be the first member of the British Royal Family so honoured since Julius III. favoured Queen Mary in similar fashion. The intrinsic value of the Golden Rose, which is intended to typify by its

gold, its odour, and its balm the Godhead, the body, and the soul of the Redeemer, is not great—rather over three hundred pounds. Its value lies in its associations. It goes back, at all events, to the time of Gregory the Great. Urban V. first made its presentation annual in 1366; it is given to those Sovereigns, churches, or communities deemed especially worthy of the favour of the Holy See; and it contains, concealed in its centre bloom, a palm blessed by his Holiness. The actual ceremony of blessing the Rosa Aurea takes place each year on the fourth Sunday in Lent. Amongst its recipients may be named Henry VIII. (who obtained it thrice—on the first occasion by the treatise that also brought him the title Defender of the Faith), Frederick the Wise of Saxony, Charles IX. of France, Napoleon III., Isabella II. of Spain, and the Empress Eugénie.

### *The Novelist in Parliament.*

There are more literary men in Parliament at present than there were at any previous time. Both sides have their popular novelist. Sir Gilbert Parker is an old member; the new men include Mr. A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Four Feathers," whose eyeglass is familiar in House and Lobby. On the night that his friend Mr. Barrie produced his latest plays, Mr. Mason made his début in debate. He secured attention by his keen face and his easy style. There was no sign of the novice either in his manner or in his matter. He was cool and deliberate; one or two passages of his speech were as pictorial as his novels. The Prime Minister was quite exuberant as he turned to compliment him.

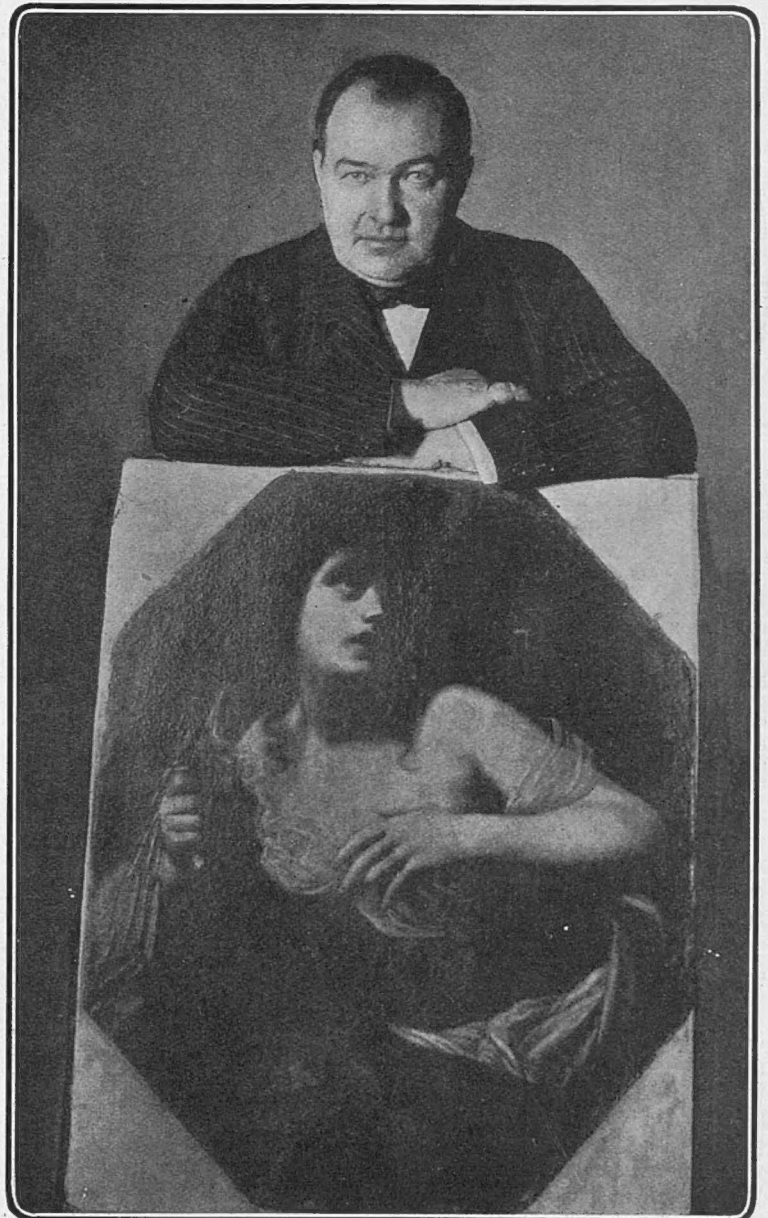
### *April Fooling.*

It is a time-honoured custom in many places on the Continent for the papers to invent catches for their readers on the First of April. Here are some of the best from the German papers. "An American company will shortly open a shop in Berlin in which all the shopmen, shop-walkers, and cashiers will be mechanical figures." "Prince Schoenaith-Carolath, president of the Berlin Automobile Club, has just delivered a lecture with illustrations, pointing out the danger which motor-cars are in from foot-passengers, and making suggestions for protecting these vehicles from pedestrians." "The famous treasure of the Nibelungs has been discovered in the bed of the Rhine, near Bingen, and a company of sappers has been sent to recover the gold, which will be placed in the tower of Spandau with the German war-chest." Serious people are often taken in by these traps, but the great delight of an editor is to print an April fool's story which will take in a foreign agency and so get telegraphed abroad.

*As Others See Us.* Our friends of the Chinese Mission are absorbing wisdom wholesale. We are showing them all the sights and wonders that the country affords. What is their real opinion of it all? When the late Shah was here, we fêted and banqueted him, showed him the sights, let him go to prayer where and as often as he chose, let his cooks carry through all the weird rites of the kitchen wheresoever they were staying. No matter; these amenities did not prevent our guest's proving a censorious critic, for after he had seen the firemen at practice at Buckingham Palace and the gunners at work at Woolwich, he delivered himself thus to his private diary: "The wonder is this, that, on the one hand, they take so much trouble and originate such appliances for the salvation of man from death, when, on the other hand, in the armouries, arsenals, and workshops of Woolwich, they contrive fresh engines for the quicker and more multitudinous slaughter of the human race." Why was it, this gentleman from the East asked himself, that one whose invention "destroys man more surely and expeditiously" prides himself and is sure of honours?

### *Raisuli's Correggio.*

Between them, Raisuli, the Moorish brigand who makes a specialty of capturing travellers and holding them to ransom, and Mr. Patrick Sheedy, the well-known Irish-American who recovered the long-lost Gainsborough "Duchess of Devonshire" for the Agnews, have added another chapter to the romance of pictures. Mr. Sheedy heard that the brigand owned an old panel painting which he believed to be of great value. At the same time came a rumour that this picture was a Correggio, and thereupon Mr. Sheedy paid a hurried visit to Morocco. Once there, he opened negotiations with Raisuli, who showed himself perfectly willing to make a deal over the "painted board" he had inherited from his grandfather, Abdullah, plus an exalted idea of its value. Mr. Sheedy found his task by no means easy. Twice he packed up and prepared to return home empty-handed, but at last Raisuli yielded. There seems little doubt that the picture came to Morocco at least a century ago, probably even earlier, as part of pirates' plunder. The



THE CORREGGIO RECOVERED FROM THE MOORISH BRIGAND RAISULI, AND MR. PATRICK SHEEDY, WHO PURCHASED IT.

Mr. Sheedy caused a sensation some years ago by discovering and restoring to Messrs. Agnew the long-lost Gainsborough "Duchess of Devonshire." He recently heard that Raisuli possessed a valuable picture, went to Morocco to see it, and after much trouble arranged to purchase it.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

central portion of it is in excellent order, but it is badly worn at the edges. It is believed that it is one of the works executed by the artist after he had removed, in 1530, from Parma to his native town, Correggio, whence is derived the name by which he is generally known.



*M.P. v. Journalist.* So many members of the new Parliament are writing articles for the newspapers that the regular journalists upstairs are jealous and alarmed. They are afraid that when a descriptive writer or a lobbyist is required, the advertisement may contain the stipulation, "No application considered except from an M.P." Certain young men have been elected, to their own surprise, without their having funds to maintain them in a suitable position and to meet the demands of constituents for subscriptions. Accordingly, they undertake to provide gossip for a newspaper; and each member suspects the other. The fashion of obtaining cricketers to criticise their friends and their rivals is being imitated in politics.

*Tunnelling the Aristocracy.*

Like the fabled Phoenix, which renewed its youth from its own ashes, the project of a tunnel under the Channel springs into being from time to time, after having been declared irrecoverably dead. On "t' other side" the legend has started that the British Cabinet is favourable to the idea,



**RUSSIA.—THE SMARTEST DRESSMAKER IN THE WORLD.**

The girl shown in this photograph is a well-known Armenian dressmaker of the Caucasus. She made the dress she is wearing, single-handed, within twenty-four hours, thereby winning the Grand Prix in an International Dressmaking Competition.

and pang! the drums of the Paris Press begin to beat. We are told what it will be like when the tunnel is there. One paper goes so far as to say that the British aristocracy is doomed, because French ideas of democracy will prevail. We shall no longer find honey in the whisper of a lord. No longer will our wives and daughters read, with the passion which now belongs to them, the accounts of receptions and garden-parties at which real lords and real ladies (pardon!) walk on real Brussels or real grass (as the case may be), and look with a lofty and "don't-touch-me" air at the vulgar world. Well, in Paris they have not much respect certainly, but it is doubtful if they are the better for it. However, the tunnel is not before it is. France may

fêted. Forthwith the *camelot* dressed himself in miner's clothes and sold postcards bearing the physiognomy of the thirteen saved. The public took kindly to the idea, and postcards sold like hot cakes. The other day the disguise was less harmless in its effects. A certain tradesman put his bill-distributors in the *soutane* and flat-brimmed hat of the priest. As the handbills were of the frisky order, there was still less reason why they should be passed to the public by a man of the "cloth." This was a case of enterprise that had gone astray.

*Where a Dead King Walks.*

Charlton Park, the beautiful home of Lord and Lady Suffolk, is undergoing extensive alterations. The process proceeds piecemeal, each generation contributing its

wickets two inches higher. The game is thus rendered shorter by easier bowling out." So easy was the bowling rendered that batsmen would have none of the new and more numerous stumps. Like the shin-guards which caused the leg-byes to fly off with a great bang, the larger wicket was laughed out of court, and it remains to be seen whether the present Earl of Winchilsea or the future can do anything to kill the drawn game, which is the result of not "easier bowling out."

*The Paris Camelot and his "Trucs."*

The Paris *camelot* is justly renowned for his ingenuity. One of our acquaintance made much money on the boulevards with his hand-painted bill setting forth the arrest of Madame Humbert (the famous author of the Crawford millions) each night during the weeks that followed her sensational flight to Spain. The same genius announced with equal regularity the crushing defeat of the English during the Boer War. Just recently the tribe has shown its cleverness in more legitimate ways. Nemy and Pruvost, the two heroic miners of Lens, came to Paris to be honoured and



**FRANCE.—MME. CAMILLE, WHO DRAFTED A TREATY TO ENSURE HER HUSBAND'S GOOD BEHAVIOUR AND DEFINE HIS DUTIES.**

Mme. Camille recently sought and obtained a divorce from her husband. It was stated in evidence that she and her husband separated after twenty years of married life, but that Madame returned to Monsieur on the latter agreeing to sign a "treaty" drafted by the former. This stipulated for the husband's good behaviour, and detailed his duties.

made yet. Lots of things may happen even have a King by that time. Then it will be our turn to democratise, perhaps.

*A Cricket Pioneer.*

Great preparations are toward for celebrating the coming-of-age of Lord Maidstone, the heir of Lord Winchilsea. The event will take place just when cricket is getting nicely into swing for the season, which makes it interesting to remember that Lord Winchilsea's ancestor of rather more than a century ago was the first to suggest a reform in the summer game, which was revived last summer disguised as new. "The Earl of Winchilsea has made an improvement in the game of cricket," runs the contemporary chronicle, "by having four stumps instead of three, and the

**THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN IN FRANCE, RUSSIA, & MONTENEGRO.**



**MONTENEGRO.—THE CROWN PRINCESS OF MONTENEGRO, WHOSE LOVE OF DIAMONDS IS SAID TO BE RUINING HER COUNTRY.**

Certain Austrian newspapers assert that the Crown Prince and Princess of Montenegro are ruining their country by their extravagant tastes. The Crown Princess is said to be madly enamoured of diamonds, the Prince is said to lavish them upon her, the Prince's father is said to encourage them—and the result, it is claimed, is taxation.

Within the hall is what was formerly an open courtyard. This was roofed in by a deceased Lord Suffolk, who let it remain with floor sanded and bare of decoration. Lord Suffolk's mother paved the chamber and furnished it to a certain extent. Whatever else may happen, Lord Suffolk may be counted on not to disturb the ghost of his Majesty James II., who takes his walks at midnight in "the King's Chamber." Consideration for so venerable a ghost secures the latter's rest; so, too, should gratitude. The family got many of its famous pictures from James II. When he fled the country he sent the pick of his artistic basket to Charlton Park, and William III. allowed them to remain where they were so well and nobly housed.



**RUSSIA.—WINNERS OF A COMPETITION PROMOTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NATIONAL COSTUME IN RUSSIA.**

Fourteen Governments were represented in the competition—each by a squad of good-looking girls. The Tsaritsa, who is president of the society, acted as judge, and awarded the money prize and medals to the team from Viatka—here shown.—[Photograph by C. C. Bulla.]



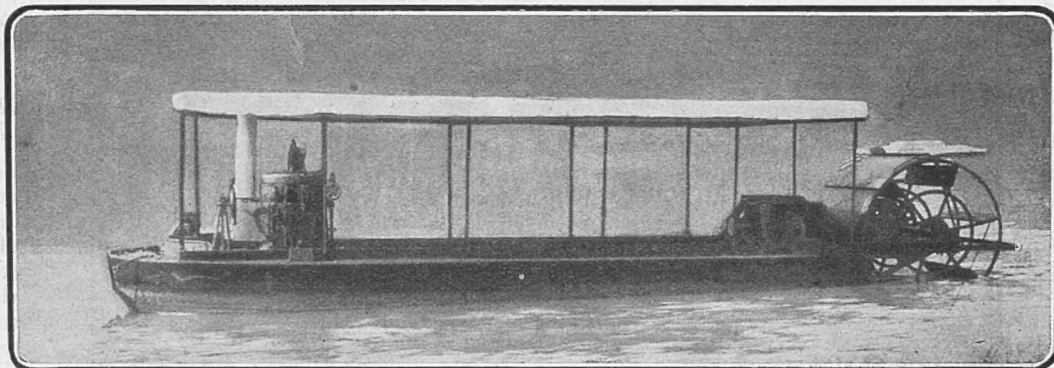
*A Lyttelton's Luck.*

The Eight Famous Lytteltons retain their luck. General Sir Neville Lyttelton, Chief of the General Staff and First Member of the Army Council, has just been made heir to some two thousand good acres, to say nothing of a stately mansion, with its fitting accompaniments—fine old pictures, historic furniture, and honoured relics. In a word, the General is to succeed Mr. Charles Perrott Noel, of Bell Hall, Squire of Bellbroughton, who celebrated his golden wedding the other day, and announced on that occasion that, being childless, he proposed to make a will in favour of the gallant soldier. It is not the first time Mr. Noel has chosen an heir. Some years ago he selected Major Vernon, son of Sir Henry Foley Vernon, of Hanbury Hall, Droitwich, but that officer was killed at polo in South Africa. His present choice is particularly happy. A Noel and a Lyttelton were brothers in arms in Cromwell's day; the families are amongst the oldest in Worcestershire; and their lands adjoin. Mr. Noel is seventy-six; General Lyttelton fifteen years his junior.

*Another Treasure-Hunt.*

Yet another band of treasure-seekers have begun operations. This time, however, wealth in its raw state, not in the form of ancient coins, relics, or pirates' loot, is the object sought. In brief, the gold industry of

Tierra del Fuego is to be exploited. Alluvial gold was found there nearly a quarter of a century ago, and so firm is the faith of the syndicate that has been casually working its concession in Slogette Bay that it has decided to tackle things systematically and scientifically. To this end many preparations have been made, and one outward and visible sign of these is the queer-looking stern-paddle craft illustrated on this page. This has just been despatched to the "New Rand" to act as tender to the dredger that is to raise the mud from the beds of certain rivers—unspecified, for obvious reasons—and carry the golden sludge to the banks for washing. It will evidently not be long before the name Tierra del Fuego yields place to that of Tierra del Oro.



TO SEEK FOR GOLD IN "THE LAND OF FIRE": THE METAL STEAM-BARGE THAT IS TO BE USED BY TREASURE-HUNTERS IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

*The Forthcoming Farmer-Colborne Wedding.*

The last day of the month will see the wedding of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Francis Colborne and Miss Alice Farmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, of Nonsuch Park, Cheam. Colonel Colborne—Francis Lionel Lydstone Colborne, to give him his full name—is heir-presumptive to his brother, the third Baron Seaton. It was but natural that he should adopt the profession of arms.

quite capable, like that hero of romance, of running away with the object of his affections. His spirited determination to woo and win the lady of his choice, regardless of precedents and protocols and so on, has endeared him to the British public, and it is pretty certain that he will not be able to preserve much incognito during his visit to the beautiful island home of his future Queen. His Majesty, scorning the unromantic railway, arranged to make a dash in his yacht from Cadiz to Cowes, and though he will probably travel in one of his many picturesque titles, such as that of Lord of Biscaya, he will be acclaimed by the enthusiastic public, indifferent to such fine distinctions. He is to spend two or three days in London, and it may be shrewdly suspected that Bond Street jewellers will do well to prepare for his advent.



ADOPTED AS HEIR TO MR. C. P. NOEL, SQUIRE OF BELLBROUGHTON: GENERAL SIR NEVILLE LYTTELTON.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The laws of heredity claimed it, for the first Baron was that gallant soldier of the Peninsular War and Waterloo, the man who originated and led the decisive movement of the 52nd Light Infantry that wrested the victor's palm from Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo. He himself has been by no means a carpet soldier: 1879 found him with the Scinde Frontier Force; the next year with the force that marched to Kandahar; 1881 with the Natal Field Force; 1884 and 1885 with the Nile Expedition that had the relief of Khartoum as its object; and 1886 with the Soudan Frontier Force. More recently he was engaged in the South African War. His more peaceful occupations include those of Exon of the King's Bodyguard, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the 24th Middlesex (Post Office Rifles), and Equerry-in-Waiting to Princess Beatrice.

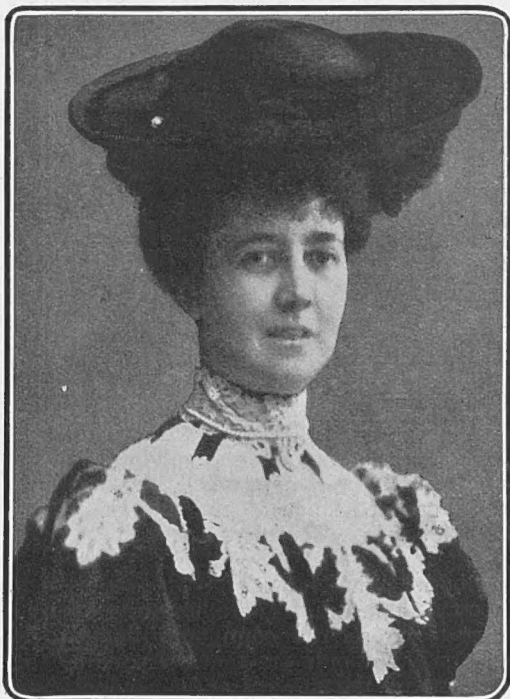
*Maundy.*

The recent distribution of the Royal Maundy, which was performed by Dr. Sheppard, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, in place

of the late Lord Alwyne Compton, his Majesty's Lord High Almoner, recalls an excellent and little-known story of how the late Prince Consort upset the doves of officialdom. The Sovereign's alms is, or was then, a large lump of gold worth a considerable sum, like the ingot offered at the Coronation. One year, Prince Albert was inquisitive enough to insist on opening the box in which the gold was offered, in spite of all that the officials could do to prevent him; and, according to the story, he actually found in it no more than ten shillings' worth of the precious metal, the original lump having been literally refined down by the deduction of various perquisites.

*The Kingly-Wooer.*

The King of Spain is no laggard in love, therein resembling Young Lochinvar; indeed, if he were not a King he would be



MISS ALICE FARMER,

Who is to marry Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Francis Colborne on April 30.

Photograph by Thomson.



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. FRANCIS COLBORNE,

Who is to marry Miss Alice Farmer on April 30.

Photograph by Thomson.



*Royalty's Robes.* Before "a merry maiden marries" what joy there is in the selecting of the trousseau! What perturbation, too! In the case of Princess Ena, while the joy will not be absent from the occupation, there must necessarily be more than the ordinary amount of anxiety, for everything now being made is to be worn in Spain, where the veriest beggar is to his fellows "Señor Caballero," and where to be a grandee is to occupy rank very little short of divinity. In Spain you must dress for the part, and in this the Queen, of all others, may do no wrong. Punctilious regard for the attire of his Queen, which the young King must necessarily entertain, may have something to do with his causing part of her trousseau to be made in Spain. It will not be shoes or stockings that she will have made in her future home. No Queen of Spain has feet or legs. That is a cardinal point of royal etiquette.

*"Signs and Wonders."* The world of letters is considering—more or less seriously—a suggestion to substitute signs for authors' names; considering it possibly with a view to its rejection, but, still, considering it. Of course, the idea is not strictly original; it is borrowed from the booksellers and the bankers, to say nothing of the Messrs. Boniface. Elsewhere the practice of employing signs is dying out. The surgeon has hidden away his pole, his gallipot, and rag of fiery red; the barber hoists his pole only when he is a barber—not when he is a hairdresser; and publishers are now for the most part content to be known by their own names rather than by signs. If authors do take to symbolic signatures we shall need a new College of Heralds to help them to devices. Mr. Kipling may be safe with his elephants, and the author of the book in which bad beasts predominate should not be in difficulties from restricted choice. Mr. Mason, with feathers four, would be recognisable. But what would symbolise the authors who all have the "largest circulation"?—as to books, of course. Mr. Hall Caine might get a trademark out of the delicate compliment of an American interviewer. Mr. Caine, as all the world knows, does Shakespeare the honour of resembling him. Now the wily American, a Gallipian of the Gallupians, knowing this, greeted him, as he set foot on American soil, with—"Lord Bacon, I presume?"

*The Crescent Bread.* The origin of that Viennese bread shaped like a crescent, which is found in most places on the Continent, dates back to 1683. At that time the Austrian capital was being besieged by the Turks under the terrible Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, and as they failed to take the city by assault, they decided to dig a passage under the walls, and so penetrate into the town. In the day-time the noise of the siege made the sound of the tunnelling inaudible, and at night-time the defenders of the place were asleep, all but the sentries and the bakers. It was the bakers who, as they baked the bread for the garrison, heard the pickaxes of the miners coming nearer and

nearer, and gave the alarm. In the fighting the Bakers' Association took their share with the utmost bravery, and as a reward for their services the Emperor gave them permission to make a special cake shaped like the Turkish Crescent.

*"The Algeciras Pen."* The pen with which the final Protocol was signed at Algeciras has, as might have been expected, passed into American hands. Mr. White, the United States Delegate to the Conference, solemnly assured his colleagues that Miss Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, was most anxious to possess this pen, and so it was courteously handed over by the Commissioners as a sort of belated wedding-present.

*Mistakes of New M.P.s.* The expected mistakes

have been made by the new Members of Parliament. Some of them address "Mr. Chairman" or "Gentlemen" instead of the Speaker. Others, in spite of warning, pass between the Chair and the member who is addressing the House. It has been difficult to teach many of them that they must sit down when the Speaker rises; and a large number seem not to know when to take off their hats. The safest course for such is to leave the troublesome headgear in the Lobby.

*Holiday Travel.* If figures were obtainable it would be found

that the mileage record made by those who have been taking advantage of the Easter holiday eclipses everything previously known. The steamer, the long-distance train, and, more than all, the motor-car, have revolutionised our ideas of what is possible in a short recess. A man gets from London to Monte Carlo in eight-and-forty hours or thereabouts—taking his own car. The acceleration of travel is apparent to those who have been to Scotland this week. What would the Earl of Leicester in his boyhood have thought of such an enterprise? When his father was a lad the Highlands were more remote than India now is. "The Highlands are but little known even to the inhabitants of the low country of Scotland," wrote an annalist of the time, "for they have ever dreaded the difficulties and dangers of travelling among the mountains,

and when some extraordinary occasion has obliged any one of them to such a progress, he has, generally speaking, made his testament before setting out, as though entering upon a long and dangerous voyage, wherein it was doubtful if he would ever return."

*The Popularity of Parliament.* Crowds besiege the House of Commons as if it were a popular theatre. There has never been in living memory such a continuous interest by

strangers as there is this session. Not only are they attracted by the newness of Parliament but also by the novelty of its composition. The Labour members are a special draw. Perhaps they disappoint expectation, inasmuch as they are not very different from other members. It is true that they do not wear silk hats, but even Mr. Keir Hardie has discarded his notorious cap, and does not always wear the red tie to which the Prime Minister drew attention.



A PARISIAN "CREATION" FOR PRINCESS ENA: A CLOAK MADE IN FRANCE FOR THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S TROUSSEAU.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.



## THE MOTOR-CAR ON THE STAGE:

SENSATIONAL SCENES IN WHICH IT FIGURES.



### THE RACE BETWEEN A MOTOR-CAR AND A RAILWAY TRAIN IN THE MELODRAMA "BEDFORD'S HOPE."

As might readily have been anticipated, the motor-car has already taken what is likely to become a permanent position on the stage. It has been seen and heard on the "boards" in this country many times, and has even appeared in transpontine and music-hall melodramas. It has, however, been left to America to exploit it at its full worth for sensation-creating purposes.—



### THE CONTEST BETWEEN TWO RACING AUTOMOBILES IN THE PLAY "THE VANDERBILT CUP."

—In at least two theatres across the Pond it is now figuring prominently, and thrilling audiences. The first of the plays concerned, "Bedford's Hope," shows a race between a motor-car and a train. The second deals with "The Vanderbilt Cup," and shows an exciting race for that trophy. In the former, the sense of movement is produced in part by a moving panorama.

*From "The Theatre," New York.*





# AFTER DINNER

By E. A. B.

## "The Kingdom of Canada."

Fifty years ago this morning Quebec awoke to find herself chosen as the seat of Government for the Dominion of Canada. The full title did not come until later; the fact dates, however from that day. How many people remember—if they ever knew—that Canada was to have been "the Kingdom" of that ilk? Such was the case. The title first employed in the rough draft of the Bill constituting the various areas one administrative whole was "United Provinces of Canada." That came out, and for it was substituted "the Kingdom of Canada." Sir John Macdonald, Canada's first Premier, was keenly anxious that this designation should remain. "I feel almost sure," he afterwards said, "that the Australian Colonies would, ere this, have been applying to be placed in the same rank with the 'Kingdom of Canada.'" But there were considerations of which Macdonald had not taken cognisance. Lord Derby declared that the name would wound the susceptibilities of the United States, and so out the name had to come, and "the Dominion" took its place.

## An Immortal Blunder.

The name Canada perpetuates a blunder. According to an eminent authority, when the Portuguese, under Gaspar Cortereal, in 1590, first ascended the great St. Lawrence, they believed it to be the strait of which they were in quest, through which a passage might be discovered into the Indian Sea. When, however, they arrived at the point whence they could clearly ascertain that this was no strait but a river, they exclaimed repeatedly in their disappointment, "Ca nada" ("Here nothing.") These words, remembered by the natives, were repeated to the next Europeans who visited the land. The newcomers, hearing the phrase so frequently, conjectured that it must be the name of the country, so "Ca Nada" it remains.

## R. L. S.'s Attempt to "Freeze the Blood of a Grenadier."

Introducing Stevenson's "Markheim," at the Lyric, Mr. H. B. Irving has had recourse to methods of advertising less sensational than those which heralded the story by the same author to which "Markheim" yielded place. A London evening paper wanted a "thriller" for Christmas; Stevenson sent in "Markheim." It was not horrific enough for the purpose required. Stevenson took it back, and, promising to substitute something which would "freeze the blood of a grenadier," furnished "The Body-Snatcher." This seemed quite to fill the editorial eye. The result was that six plaster skulls, six coffin-lids, painted dead black, with white skulls and cross-bones in relief, and six long white surplices hired from a funeral establishment became the equipment of six sandwich-men, paid double rates because of specially ghoul-ish aspect. And all London was thrilled as the procession went its way. The police sent the men home, but the story had a great boom, and "Markheim" had to wait its turn.

## The Critic on the Hearth.

Hard sayings as well as kind are in store for the men who have been labouring for the Academy. But prior to exhibition the pictures have run the gauntlet: the critic on the hearth is little less to be feared than the critic in the Press. The wife of a man of letters found one of her maids reading something which he had written. "It's very clever, Ma'am, isn't it?" said the girl, adding sincerely, "It's so fine and mixed up yer can't understand it." Landseer's experience with "Night" and "Morning" was more quaint. His washer-woman had asked permission to see the pictures, and was given a peep just before they were despatched to the Academy. She stood fixedly gazing at the two fine works for some moments, then turned to her master and said, "I 'opes, Sir, you ain't a-goin' to ask me to take nothink; but if you should, Sir, let it be a drop of brandy-and-water, please, Sir." Only that and nothing more.



PUMPKINS "GROWING" ON A TREE.

The curious sight here illustrated is to be seen at Los Angeles, California. The pumpkin vine has been trained to grow up the tree. The vine's strength may be gauged from the fact that the average weight of each pumpkin is 17 lb.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

## Football King for an Hour.

For the Association Cup final, to be played on Saturday, two excellent teams appear, but neither possesses a "meteor" like James Logan, who won the cup for Notts County. Unsuccessful with Sunderland and Aston Villa, he joined Notts midway through the season, and did nothing specially clever in their League matches. But when the Cup ties came round he played as a man inspired. No defence in the country could stay his rushes or defeat his tactics. For six weeks he made his side the most powerful in the country, although Notts were but a Second Division club at the time. He won the Cup for them off his own bat, so to speak, after an incomparable exhibition in the final.

Then his form went as mysteriously as it had come. He never played another good game.

## Ruskin's Ghost.

Ghostly lights which prove to be merely burning heather, "spirits" which turn out to be cheating mediums disguised, and one or two other discoveries of the like character, have rather shaken the psychists lately. Careful investigation might clear up some other mysteries which have hitherto remained insoluble. A case in point was an experience of Ruskin, who, noticing an untilled field in an obscure valley in Switzerland, asked why that alone remained uncultivated.

The field, he was told, was haunted by an old woman, whom only the children could see. Ruskin was incredulous, but some time later he took with him from a distant valley a child who had never previously left her home. Her eyes were better than his, he told her; could she see anything worth noticing? "Only an old woman sitting under a tree," answered the child. Ruskin asked for a description, and was informed that the old lady sat with her back towards them. "Ah, now I see her; she has turned this way," she said; then added in terror, "I can see her face with two holes, where her eyes should be." Ruskin saw nothing of the phenomenon.



NATURE AS THE MILLINER'S ASSISTANT: HATS TRIMMED WITH REAL FLOWERS.

Hats trimmed with real flowers aroused much comment and curiosity at the Health, Beauty, and Toilet Exhibition recently opened at the Grafton Galleries by Lady Colin Campbell. One of the most successful "models" was of pale pink straw trimmed with Parma violets. Customers taking their own hats to the firm had them transformed into "creations" for sums varying from five shillings to as many guineas. It is thought possible that the new fashion—or should one say fad?—will be in evidence at smart weddings and garden-parties in the summer.

Photograph by Belas and Co.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



DECORATED TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER HER DEATH: FRÄULEIN AUGUSTA LYNCKER.

The honours recently conferred on the occasion of the Prince Regent of Bavaria's birthday included the award of the Cross of Merit to the late Fräulein Augusta Lyncker for services rendered in the Bavarian field-hospitals during the Franco-German War. Fräulein Lyncker died twenty-eight years ago.



THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF BURMA: SHINEBO WON.

Shinebo Won is the most celebrated criminal-catcher of his country, and has been dubbed "the Burmese Sherlock Holmes." His methods are, perhaps, not so scientific as those of Sir Conan Doyle's famous creation; but that they are efficacious is proved by the fact that they have resulted in three thousand captures.



GERMANY'S SILVER MAN: GEORG HERRSCHAFT, OF BRESLAU.

Georg Herrschaft, who is a labourer, has been in the habit of continually taking pills in which nitrate of silver figures prominently. As a result, his skin has become metallic, shiny, and silvery. The medicine was intended to cure a nervous complaint, and Herrschaft overdosed himself.



THE MAY MARRIAGE MARKET AT BERLAD.

An open Marriage Market takes place at Berlad, Roumania, each May. Many women in poor circumstances bring their daughters to the market-place to find suitors. Would-be husbands have to satisfy the girls' guardians that they are in a position to keep a wife, and occasionally have to guarantee their good faith by a present of money to the mothers of their brides-elect.



A TOMB THAT BEATS "TATCHO."

Mother Manephie, a holy woman who died at Klimovo seven years ago, had an exceedingly long and beautiful head of hair. The superstitious Trans-Volgan peasants regard her as superhuman, and women and children who desire beautiful hair pray for it at her shrine. There is a story—doubtless *ben trovato*—that one bald lady who visited the shrine now acts as an advertisement for a hair- tonic.



A MAN WHO CANNOT FEEL PAIN: JOSEPH LIPSITZ.

Lipsitz recently claimed in respect of injuries which he said affected his spine and rendered him insensible to pain. To prove the latter fact, he allowed a white-hot cautery to be held against his bare arm in court, and smiled through the experiment. He won his case.



FROM OPERA-SINGER TO TRAMP: WILHELM KRÜGER.

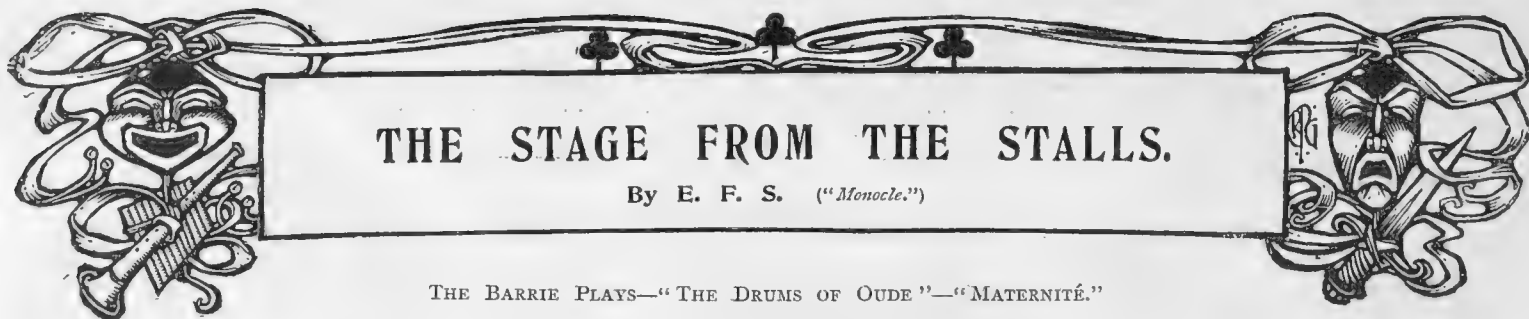
Krüger was originally intended for a baker; but it was found that he had a good voice, and his musical education was paid for by the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He obtained success in opera, but, for some cause or another, neglected his profession, and is now in the workhouse at Bützow.



AMERICA'S HUMAN ROOSTER: THE LATE HIRAM WOOSTER.

Mr. Wooster, who died the other day, boasted that he had never slept in a bed. When he wished to sleep he fixed a specially constructed harness round his chest and between his shoulder-blades, and hung himself by a hook to a shaft in the wall of his cabin.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE BARRIE PLAYS—"THE DRUMS OF OUDE"—"MATERNITÉ."

IT is probable, and to be hoped, that Mr. Shaw will not take Mr. Barrie's attack upon him in "Punch" lying down. The super-sentimentalist has begun the fight, and the super-casuist may be relied upon to deliver a vigorous counter. There is, of course, plenty of fighting blood in the author of "Cashel Byron," and when he finds Mr. Barrie making fun of him for his vegetarianism, his beard, and his theory that plays ought to be based on ideas, he is not unlikely to wipe the floor and the rest of the room with the venturesome author of "My Lady Nicotine," a work the success of which must have annoyed a dramatist who shares the views of James I. about tobacco. People may not care whether "Punch" is in quite exquisite taste; at least, those may who have not noticed that in nearly every play by the brilliant Barrie there is some inexplicable touch of vulgarity. The outside world will not mind a rap if it leads to an entertaining quarrel. "Punch" has very little of the genuine Barrie strain, though it contains clever little bits of stagecraft and some flavour of style, and Miss Eva Moore, by admirable acting, gave it a tiny note of pathos, whilst Mr. "Dot" Boucicault imitated the showman's Punch very cleverly.

In "Josephine" Mr. Barrie is trying to plough virgin soil, and is not quite a successful pioneer. He is bitter enough about "Joe," and probably Conservatives and Fair Traders will complain that part of his attack is not quite cricket, and have some excuse for the complaint. This is not my grievance, but I regret the lack of vigorous wit, the want of clear design, and the needless length. The piece ought to have been more connected, or less—no matter which: Mr. Barrie has tried to make a coherent play out of mutually repugnant scraps, so the work is only amusing in bits, not as a whole. Where people who do not understand politics are to find their pleasure in it I cannot tell; even some of the newspapers have gone wrong, for, seeing that they take different views, they cannot all be right about the meaning of the jokes and the identity of the characters. Yet it would be horribly unjust to deny that a good deal is funny; the keen playgoer will get something like his money's worth merely from Mr. Boucicault's remarkably clever Josephine, in which, without causing offence even to her warmest admirers—of whom I am one of the most fervent if the least important—he mimics the style of Miss Marion Terry. The mimicry has nothing on earth to do with the piece, though a good deal to do with its success. It seems rather a pity that the Censor did not permit actual mimicry of the politicians—I am merely assuming that he did not; but for this assumed prohibition, the work of Messrs. A. E. Matthews, Kenneth Douglas, and Graham Browne would certainly have been much funnier. Miss Mabel Hackney and Miss Grace Lane rendered Free and Fair Trade far more charming and interesting than they have been of late, and the most patriotic "Paddy" would have been delighted by the Ireland

of Miss Eva Moore; nor could the stolid Briton complain of the John Bull of Mr. Louis Calvert. There was, of course, a third piece on the programme in "The Drums of Oude," with a little suggestion of Kipling and a trifling touch of Flora Annie Steel. What a pity Mr. Austin Strong could give nothing better as an ending than the rescue from the Sepoy mutineers that has formed the conclusion of almost every Indian Mutiny play or sketch on record. Miss Mabel Hackney rendered a little love-scene beautifully, and Messrs. Lang and Kenneth Douglas played the well-distinguished characters of two officers excellently. Why the native servants did not put a little cold poison into their sherry I can hardly guess, except that they had to abstain for fear of causing a premature ending of the play.

Why was "Maternité" presented by the Stage Society? As a problem-play its value is chiefly local, for one cannot expect playgoers to get beneath the symptoms and regard it as an attack on the whole basis of modern civilisation: even the Labour Party would hardly accept it as part of their propaganda. As a work of dramatic art, it surely has little importance. M. Brioux is more chaotic than our "G. B. S.," quite as unconventional, perhaps more sincere, but lacks his vivid, impudent wit and his knowledge of stagecraft. "Maternité," if in a less degree than other Brioux plays, shows sense of character and knowledge of stage contrivances, but the author is far too anxious to expound his theories to trouble about form or proportion. The piece, in some scenes, is almost photographic; but the good photographer selects and composes his picture, and M. Brioux is weak in selection. "Maternité" looks as if an act had been omitted. I believe that no playgoer would have guessed who was going to be tried in the last act or what was the crime. Nor am I going to talk about the crime. Whilst most heartily believing that the stage should deal with even such matters as are discussed in "Maternité"—a counterblast to Zola's "Fécondité"—I hardly see the gain of handling them in the theatre except as relating to English social laws. Part of the basis of the play is the non-existence in France of a particular law, which, however, exists and is exercised here. Still, if few were moved or excited by the play, all, I fancy, were interested, and probably a good many shocked without being exactly prudish. I think the Society might now give the author a rest: four of his works (five, I fancy) have been presented in England, and it is clear that he is not a dramatist of high calibre, though he might be if he chose. The acting, of course, was excellent, yet less brilliant than usual. Miss Muriel Ashwynne made a hit as a betrayed maiden, and one aspect of Miss Sheldon's acting in the part of her sister was charming. Miss Italia Conti played cleverly, and some skilful work was done by Messrs. M. Sherbrooke, Dodsworth, Dennis Eadie, Blake Adams, Trevor Lowe, and K. Musgrave.



THE REVIVAL OF "THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE WALDORF: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS "BINKS."

Captain Robert Marshall's comedy ran for 382 performances when it was originally produced at the Haymarket.

From the Drawing by R. Caton Woodville.



HERR HANS ANDRESEN, WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE STAGE OF THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE, HIS WIFE, AND CHILD.

Herr Andresen was absent from the casts of the German plays at the Great Queen Street Theatre for some time, owing to illness. A Sudermann Cycle is in preparation at Germany's theatre in London. "Die Ehre" will be given on Friday, and "Die Schmetterlingsschlacht" on Saturday. The other plays to be presented include "Heimat," "Glück im Winkel," "Morituri," and "Das Blumenboot." The last-named play will be acted for the first time on any stage.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



"CASTLES IN SPAIN," AT THE ROYALTY.



MISS MAY DE SOUSA,

WHO IS PLAYING THE DAUGHTER OF AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE IN MR. COSMO HAMILTON'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY.

"Castles in Spain" is "billed" for this (Wednesday) evening. The libretto is by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton; the lyrics are by Mr. Eustace Ponsonby; and the music is by Mr. Harry Fragson and two eminent Spanish writers. The cast includes, in addition to Miss May de Sousa and Mr. Harry Fragson, Miss Mabel Nelson and Messrs. Johnny Danvers, Ivo Dawson, and Hubert Willis.

*Photographs by Bassano.*



## DUDLEY HARDY ON SPRING.



THE SPRING CLEAN.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



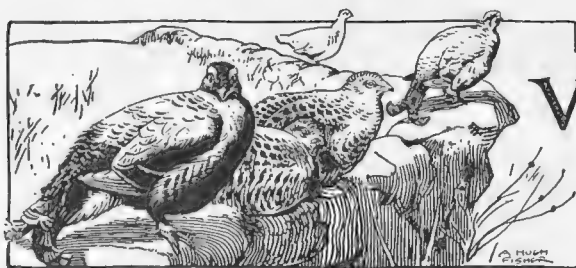
STARR WOOD ON SPRINGS.



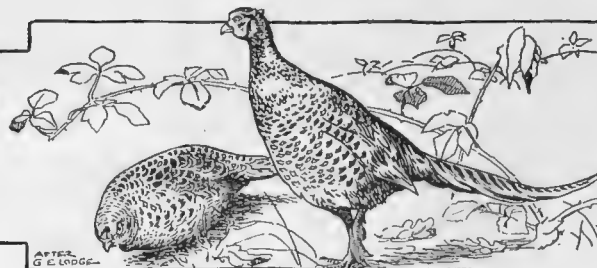
MR. HEAVYSIDE (*who has sat down suddenly*): Awfully sorry, Sir, but 'pon my word I didn't notice you there!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.





## WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Foster-Mothers.* Everybody interested in game-preserving knows that the wild pheasant is a bad mother, that she has little care for her young, and can seldom rear half of them. It is quite customary for gamekeepers to collect eggs from the nests of wild pheasants and put them under domestic hens. Not infrequently the wild pheasant lays another clutch, so that the master of the game gets an additional advantage from the procedure.

To be sure, pheasants reared under domestic hens do not often yield very good sport to the guns, particularly if they are fed late into the summer, but the wild pheasant is such a careless mother that there seems to be no other method of securing a large supply of birds. While the raising of pheasants artificially is accepted as part of a gamekeeper's business, it is not so generally realised that other birds are raised in the same fashion. Partridges raised under hens are becoming quite common, and in Scotland the experiment has been extended to grouse. In many parts of the moorland these fascinating birds are now raised under the domestic hen, with results that are even more satisfactory than those associated with pheasants and partridges. Of course, special consideration has to be taken for the nature of the hand-reared bird, but it is quite clear that Nature has plenty of room for careful foster-mothers, and some authorities are of opinion that hand-rearing might be extended with considerable advantage to blackgame, and might even avail to save them from the extinction that threatens them at present.

*Bantam Hens and Partridges.* With regard to the raising of partridges, the only difficulty is in securing the services of a sufficiently light hen, and for this purpose the bantam fowls are being used

become so tame that it is a moral impossibility to shoot them. They seem to gather domestic instincts, and if they are intended for the gun it is best to place the coop and run in a meadow some distance away from the house, that the birds may not get accustomed to human beings.

### *The Ways of Hand-Reared Grouse.*

Where grouse are concerned, the rearing business is slightly different. In the first place, if the eggs of a grouse are taken after a clutch is just completed, Mother Grouse will promptly look about for a new nest, where she will lay another clutch of eggs. Those that are taken from her must be put under a very light hen, just as the partridge's are, and the same care must be exercised in feeding the new-born grouse that they do not get more than is good for them. As soon as they are old enough and can use their wings, they fly away from the foster-mother without any regrets, though, unlike the partridges, they do not form a covey by themselves, but attach themselves to some covey that is already upon the moorland. Whether they have any natural instinct that guides them to their parents is a question that it would take a bold man to solve, although it is quite possible to imagine ways of putting it to the test. While partridges suffer from their association with the foster-parent, the grouse do not, and are as wild and unapproachable when they have joined a covey as the birds that were reared under the mother grouse in the open heather. At present the artificial rearing of grouse is in its infancy, but there is every reason to believe, if one may judge from the success that has attended the experiment hitherto, that the practice will extend until there will be as many grouse reared under hens in Scotland as there are grouse reared under hens south of the Tweed. Then, of course, the influence of artificial rearing will show itself in many unexpected ways, and there may be some new disease to investigate, the outcome of new conditions. All these cunning contrivances of the gamekeeper and his master, keen to do a little deal with Nature and to make it profitable, are doomed to a certain measure of failure. What is gained in numbers will be lost in quality, and if hand-rearing should succeed with grouse and partridge and become very widespread, there is no reason to doubt the consequent deterioration of sport. We cannot have it both ways.



HONOURING THE PRINCE OF WALES!  
A LOYAL FAKIR OF LAHORE CELEBRATING THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.

A correspondent writes: "This fakir, in an ecstasy of loyalty, hung himself up by his feet directly he heard that the Prince and Princess of Wales were to visit India, the act being designed to prove his gratitude for the honour paid to his country. He intended to remain suspended until the arrival of the royal pair, but succumbed under the self-imposed ordeal at the end of twelve days."

with success. Of course, the bantam hen is even larger than the hen partridge, but she has not the trick that the latter bird practises of spreading her wings out and covering some of the eggs with her pinions. Notwithstanding this limitation, a bantam hen can hatch as many as eighteen partridge eggs, and can look after the little ones with the necessary measure of care required to see them safely through the very early days of their youth. The great question associated with the baby partridges is one of feeding, and there is no doubt that very many birds die through having too much to eat. One of the most experienced gamekeepers of my acquaintance tells me that he only feeds partridges three times a day, as against the five meals that are required by baby pheasants, and that in dealing with the partridges he scatters the food about so that they may not find it in heaps and must work to get it. Specially prepared meal and hard-boiled egg seem to be the most satisfactory form of diet for the baby birds. They will follow the mother about for a long time, until they have found all their feathers and have learned to fly, and then one fine day they will leave their foster-parent and betake themselves to the fields under the leadership of the strongest of their little company. Where partridges are bred round a house they



A HIGHWAYMAN'S LEAFY HIDING-PLACE: PIERRE LEVASSEUR'S HOME IN THE TREE-TOPS (X).

Recent reports from the Governor of New Caledonia announce the end of Pierre Levasseur, a convict who escaped from prison in the early days of last summer. Levasseur, who was undergoing penal servitude for life, took to the woods and reverted to his original occupation of highwayman. Finally, he was shot on sight by a party of soldiers who chanced upon his hiding-place. During the short period of his liberty Levasseur had made his home on the floor of an abandoned tree-house, within a few hundred yards of the residence of the police inspector.

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION," AT THE COURT.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY CECILY WAYNFLETE.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's romantic play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," recently produced at the Court, went into the evening bill last Monday.

*Photograph by Window and Grove.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. J. B. ATLAY has sent out the first of two volumes which are to contain Lives of the Victorian Chancellors. In the first volume, now published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., there are biographies of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham, and Lord Truro. In a very frank preface Mr. Atlay points out that his undertaking is not to be regarded as a continuation of what is now a classical work—Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors." Further, he admits that Lord Campbell's posthumous volume on the Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham covers a large part of his (Mr. Atlay's) own ground. Strictly speaking, Lord Brougham was not a Victorian Chancellor, for he surrendered the Great Seal two years and seven months before the accession of her late Majesty. Notwithstanding, Mr. Atlay has given us a careful and pleasantly written book. It is to be supposed that he concerns himself mainly with the Chancellors as Chancellors. If so it is right that he should lay stress on what took place during the years they sat on the Woolsack. But a great deal might be said in favour of writing the Lives fully, and on a much larger scale. In the present volume the accounts given of Lord Cottenham and Lord Brougham are extremely slight. Neither was a very significant personality, but more might have been said about both. For example, Mr. Atlay's very brief reference to the trial of Ernest Jones and five other Chartists gives no idea of the very impressive scene. The Life of Lord Lyndhurst will interest those who have compared Campbell and Sir Theodore Martin. Mr. Atlay does his best to keep the balance even, and not without success. But he can hardly be said to face the problem of Lyndhurst's existence. Of Lyndhurst's intellectual gifts there can be no question, and there is evidence that he was a man of heart. But as to his conscience and his principles, there may be a long and even an everlasting debate.

Be this as it may, Henry Brougham is by far the most interesting person among Mr. Atlay's subjects. In one of his stories Mr. Stanley Weyman has given us a most vivid and accurate portrait of Brougham. Mr. Atlay has no such command of detail, and the more perplexing incidents in Brougham's life are hardly explained in his pages. "The Life and Times of Lord Brougham," written by himself, is well estimated by Mr. Atlay. It is full of errors, and, on the whole, very dull, and it is more than doubtful whether Brougham was solely responsible for it. It is unfortunate that its appearance prevented a really good Life of Brougham. Ambitious young historians might well attack a less promising subject. Whoever writes the Life of Brougham as it should be written would have much to say about literature, politics, science, social reform, and would come into contact with almost all the important personalities of the Victorian age. Mr. Atlay comments on the trial of Queen Caroline, but will not find her guilty of anything more than an entire want of propriety and of feminine delicacy. Lord Brougham's services in the cause of cheap, pure, and good literature are very lightly touched upon, and no reference is made to the autobiography of Charles Knight. Of

Brougham as a Judge Mr. Atlay says he immensely underrated the character of the work before him and the extent of his own ignorance. In spite of this, he did something to sweep away the cobwebs and clear the air. He decided more cases in three months than Eldon did in three years, and Sydney Smith declared that the "iron mace of Brougham" shivered to atoms the house of fraud and iniquity, and that "he had only to point his long, lean, skinny fingers and abuses fell at his very gesture."

There came a long period when Brougham sank out of sight. But there were multitudes who never forgot him. At Social Science Congresses he was a commanding figure, looming before the eyes of

a generation to whom his great achievements were but a tradition. The ancient fire still flickered. At the York meeting a young gentleman came brusquely up to him and said—"Lord Brougham, you are wanted in another section." "Good God!" was the reply. "Am I to be torn in pieces in this way?" and he hit the unlucky messenger a violent blow in the chest with his fist.

Mr. Atlay does not attempt to tell us how far Lord Brougham was an impostor as a scientific man. It should be remembered that late in his life he published an "Analytical View of Newton's 'Principia,'" conjointly with E. J. Rooth, the maker of senior wranglers. He must have known something about mathematics and natural philosophy. His literary work is better, perhaps, than Mr. Gladstone's. But it was as a Parliamentary speaker that he won his chief triumphs. Mr. Atlay is inclined to believe that the Brougham will be his most lasting monument. The Duke of Wellington, who one day told him so, was met with the retort that the conqueror of Waterloo had not disdained to identify his illustrious name with a pair of boots. "Damn the boots!" replied the Duke; "I'd forgotten them. You have the best of it."

I learn with pleasure that Lord Leighton has left a diary which refers to a period of half a century. This, with his letters, has been placed at the disposal of

Mrs. Russell Barrington, who is preparing the official biography. Leighton was a very difficult man to understand. He concealed himself more than he revealed himself in his elaborate and highly coloured orations. But he was a warm friend as well as a diligent worker, and we may expect to gain some insight into the secret of his vivid and picturesque personality. Mrs. Russell Barrington was acquainted with Leighton for no less than thirty years.

We are promised also an intimate biography of Canon Ainger, from the pen of Miss Edith Sichel. Miss Sichel, with Mr. G. W. E. Russell, wrote one of the cleverest books that has been published for a long time. Ainger, though necessarily a public man, was shy, retiring, and sarcastic. To his intimates he showed himself, and we are promised a record of his friendships, notably of that great friendship with his congenial neighbour, George Du Maurier. o. o.



THE GENIUS: Do you think there is any chance that I shall ever become a contributor to your paper?  
THE EDITOR: You may. I shan't live for ever.

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

OIL AND TROUBLED WATERS.

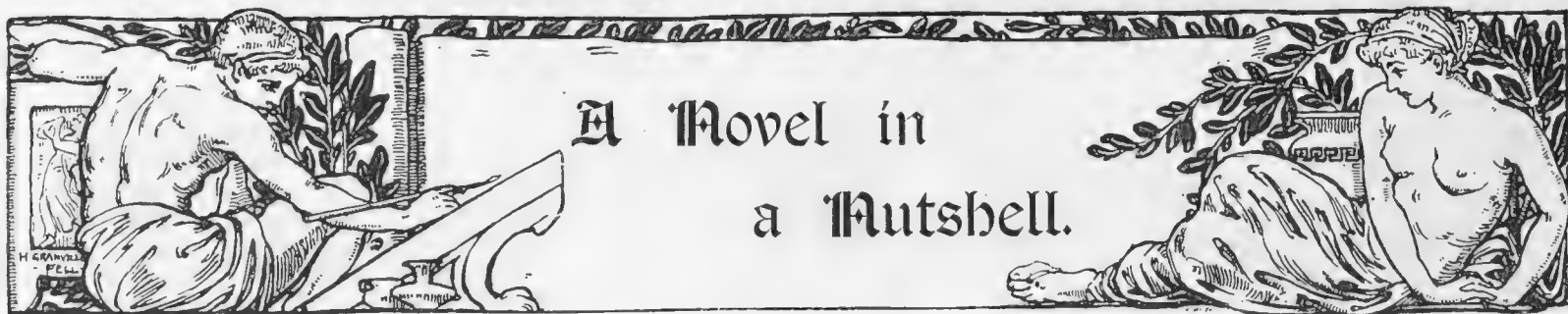


THE TOP-FLOOR TENANT: Look here, the roof leaks horribly.

THE LANDLORD: Nonsense, my dear Sir! Impossible! Why, none of the tenants on the other floors have said a word about it.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## MRS. RICHARD DENTON AND HER FOLLY.

BY ALICIA RAMSEY.

RICHARD DENTON looked at himself in the glass and smiled. Then he suddenly remembered that the lawyer could see in the glass as well, so he turned away his head.

The lawyer had just been telling him nice things about his late wife's property. It was all in Consols, and all left to him. He hoped to goodness that he hadn't seen him smile.

"This is a sad business, Mr. Denton," said the lawyer.

"Terrible," said Richard Denton. "I'm confoundedly cut up."

As a matter of fact, if he hadn't been so hungry he'd never have been so happy in all his life. If you want to know what it is to be really happy and hungry take your wife—whom you've married for money—for a ride on a nice spring morning, and when you come home, leave her behind at Kensal Green. This doesn't sound nice—but try devilled kidneys on toast when you get back.

Richard Denton was particularly fond of devilled kidneys on toast. If the lawyer hadn't been a friend of the family he'd have asked him to stay to lunch. He knew the lawyer was hungry too, for he'd seen him looking at the clock. Still, under the circumstances, he thought it wiser to say nothing; so he stood silently watching him shuffling his papers back into his bag. Disconsolate widowers shouldn't fancy devilled kidneys on toast, and Richard Denton had no wish to be lacking in respect to his wife. He had always respected her immensely. Did I mention that all her property was in the Three Per Cents?

"A bad, bad business, Mr. Denton," said the lawyer as they parted in the hall. "We need good women."

"We do," said Richard Denton fervently, "we do. We also need bad ones," he thought cheerfully, as the lawyer got into his cab. "Thank goodness, at last I can have something to eat."

He rang the bell and ordered devilled kidneys on toast. While he was waiting for them he looked at himself in the glass. He was rather worth looking at, this Richard Denton. He had excellent eyes, strong passions, and a weak mouth. He hid the weak mouth from the world under a big moustache, as, under a cloak of the deepest respect, he had hidden the strong passions from his wife.

The late Mrs. Richard Denton had been a lady of the most irreproachable morals, who went to church twice on Sunday, and objected, on principle, to a fringe. Like most people with irreproachable morals, the late Mrs. Richard Denton had been a trifle dull. Richard Denton thought of the way she had done her hair with a parting down the middle, and thanked his gods that she had taken her parting and her praying with her to Kensal Green for good.

Still, she had had two excellent qualities. She had had plenty of money, and she had been easily taken in. No man can reasonably complain of prayers and a parting whose wife is not only rich, but a fool.

Now the late Mrs. Richard Denton had been a pearl among fools. She believed whatever was told her, from "an unexpected friend up from the country," down to the annoying loss of the last train "owing to one's watch stopping, confound it! through a fall." She had even been known to accept the truth of that dear old remedy, "unexpectedly detained at the club, my dear," with the simplicity of a little child.

Richard Denton, pondering on his wife's colossal stupidity, swore by all his gods that he would give her the finest monument to be bought for money in Kensal Green. Should it be an angel blowing a

trumpet, or should it be a lady with curls down her back clinging to a rock? Anyhow, it should certainly be expensive. The only thing he drew the line at was a vault. A vault reminded one unpleasantly of the day when somebody else would be ordering devilled kidneys on toast, and Richard Denton would be the one left behind at Kensal Green.

He wished he had chanced letting the lawyer stay to share the devilled kidneys—the early spring sunshine seemed suddenly to have gone in.

As he rose from poking the fire, for the third time that morning Richard Denton looked at himself in the glass—and smiled.

Disconsolate widowers with golden moustaches look uncommonly well in black ties. Richard Denton told himself that he was one of them, and stood back a step, the better to appreciate the effect. Then he realised that the pin holding his tie had slipped, and he frowned. He had a mania for properly pinned ties, and his wife had always kept a store of particular pins with steel points and invisible heads on her dressing-table in readiness for him. Almost before he had realised what he was doing he had run upstairs and knocked at her door. Then he suddenly remembered that there was no need to knock any longer. He hesitated a moment; then, with a laugh at his own stupidity, he turned the handle of the door and went in.

The room still lay shrouded in darkness. With a curse at the servants for their negligence, Richard Denton drew up the blinds and let in the sun.

There was her bed. There was her table. There was her chair. Her handkerchief lay on her pillow. Her glasses held open her book of prayers. Everything was there except herself and her parting. For the first time Richard Denton realised that his wife had taken up her permanent residence at Kensal Green.

Everything was there except the parting . . . and the pins. Where the deuce were the pins? Richard Denton fumbled about the table aimlessly, then, with a gesture of impatience, jerked open the dressing-table drawer.

There were no pins in the drawer. There was only a book—a thick book bound in velvet, with a monogram in brilliants, and clasped with gold. It was so utterly unlike anything that Richard Denton had ever seen his wife use that out of sheer curiosity he picked it up. It was locked. On the instant it occurred to him that once, idly fingering his wife's long chain—a habit of his which he had found a most convenient substitute for a more impassioned caress—he had noticed attached to it a little gold key. A wave of curiosity suddenly seized him. He wondered what the deuce a woman like his wife could have possibly found to write in such a book. Diamonds and velvet and clasps of gold! A dainty trifle, fit to hold a young girl's first secrets, perhaps—or even the more ardent outpourings of an elder woman's soul—a woman like Flora, for instance.

Flora! Not for the first time Richard Denton offered up a little thanksgiving to Heaven that the late Mrs. Richard Denton had been such a gorgeous, gorgeous fool.

Still looking for the pins, he opened a second drawer. There, in a glittering circle, lay coiled the golden chain. At the end was the little golden key. Without an instant's hesitation—weak mouths and strong passions do not make for delicacy of soul—Richard Denton took up the dainty toy and opened the gorgeous book.

"May 17.—Six tons of coal came in."

"May 20.—Wrote and complained of the servants' cask of beer."

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



V.—TRACKING QUAIL IN THE DESERT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

*N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.*



"May 29.—Invited the Menzies to dinner. Have changed the quails to woodcock on toast."

Tons of coal, quails on toast, and casks of servants' beer! How like his wife! Why not? Such things had been her life! Not an aspiration beyond a successful dinner—not a thought worth chronicling beyond casks of beer and tons of coal! Poor simple, prayerful, fringesoul! What a gorgeous, gorgeous fool!

Idly, Richard Denton turned over the next leaf, preparatory to throwing the book aside—

"May 30.—Richard lied to me again."

For a second Richard Denton's heart beat wildly. Then, as if he had been struck, the blood rushed to his face. He stared down at the words blindly. It seemed to him that they looked back at him with his dead wife's eyes.

"Richard lied to me again."

Like a thief caught in the act of theft, Richard Denton's hand stole out and turned the page.

"June 2.—Richard said he'd been detained at the club; that means he spent the evening with her. Has she no heart? Has she no shame? Perhaps if I wrote and told her I was dying she would refuse to let him stay. My heart bleeds for Richard; how it must torture him to lie!"

"June 5.—Richard wanted money this morning; I gave him a cheque for £1000. He said it was to help a friend. Of course it was for her. Perhaps it's her birthday. Yesterday was mine. I sat up and waited for Richard till eleven, then I fainted with the pain. My side is growing worse. I think I should have died of joy if Richard had remembered to bring me home some flowers. N.B.—Paid Simmons his wages in advance."

It *had* been Flora's birthday, and he *had* spent the money on her. A thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and the woman who had given him the money would have died of joy if he had brought her home a pennyworth of flowers!

"July 1.—Went to Sir John's this morning. I saw her in Bond Street, as I was driving back. She's so young and so pretty, even prettier than when I saw her last. She had on such a pretty hat. I ordered a new bonnet from Louise. It's black silk and velvet pansies. Louise wanted me to have a white aigrette instead of the pansies, but I couldn't. I should always feel as if I heard the crying of the mother-bird. Sent a new subscription under another name to the Society. *There's nothing so pretty in the world as a wavy fringe.*"

"July 2.—Sir John says if I won't let him operate I shall die. I don't

believe a word of it. Richard dined at home last night. I haven't felt so well for weeks."

"July 30.—I begin to think Sir John is right. My side is growing worse. Richard put his arm round me to-night. I could have screamed with joy and pain. N.B.—The new claret from Bordeaux, which Richard likes, came in.

"July 31.—Sir John came. He says, if I won't tell Richard, he must. I won't tell Richard. He hates illness. He's so tender-hearted; he's easily upset. Gave Richard a cheque for £350."

"August 5.—Richard is away in Scotland. Stayed in bed. The pain is horrible. If it were not for Richard, I should be glad to die."

"August 30.—Felt very ill. Burnt all my diaries in case . . ."

"September 1.—Richard unexpectedly came home. I think something must have happened; he seemed upset. Can anything have happened between him and her? Impossible! No woman could love Richard and willingly cause him pain. Perhaps it's money. I hope it is; that's so easily put right.

"September 2.—Sent Richard a cheque for £500. He dined at home to-night. I could hardly sit up in my chair. He said he'd never seen me looking so well in his life. After dinner he came into the drawing-room and played the piano till ten. A whole evening alone with him. When I went to bed I was so happy that I cried."

"September 13.—Richard kissed me of his own accord. I love him! I love him! I love him! The pain is almost unbearable, but I'm glad. Perhaps, if I say nothing, God will take that into account as part payment for Richard's sin."

"September 20. I am dying. I will not let them send for Richard. He's supposed to be with the Menzies, shooting grouse. If they sent for him and found he wasn't with them, they might find out."

"October 1.—They have disobeyed my orders and wired for Richard. I hold my breath listening for his feet. Dear God, have mercy on my soul! I cannot see Thy face for thinking about him."

"October 3.—Richard wires he cannot come, and I'm to get well quick. I shall burn this diary to-night, when nurse is asleep. This is the last time I shall ever hold a pen. Richard! Richard! Richard! Oh, God! how glad I am to die."

This was the last entry in the diary.

Richard Denton shut the book slowly, and looked at himself in the glass. But this time he did not smile.

THE END.



POLITE BOY!

LITTLE TOMMY (who has just returned from a party, and has sampled too many delicacies): Oh, mother, my chest does ache!

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



SHAKSPERE will be the name to conjure with next week, not merely at Stratford-on-Avon, to which on Monday the eyes of the world will be turned, but in London and elsewhere. Following the precedent he made for himself last year, Mr. Beerbohm Tree will have a Shakspeare festival, and will interrupt the run of "Nero" in order that he may offer the tribute of his talent to the genius of the author whose plays have been so often revived under his management.

On Monday evening Mr. Tree will produce "The Tempest," in which Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Tree will resume their old parts; on Tuesday will come "Henry IV.," with Mr. Basil Gill as Hotspur

(in which part Mr. Lewis Waller made one of his great successes), and Mrs. Tree as Lady Percy; on Wednesday "Twelfth Night" will be done, with Mr. Lyn Harding as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Mr. Lionel Brough as Sir Toby, Miss Tree as Viola. On Thursday "Hamlet" will be produced; on Friday "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be given, and on Saturday evening "Julius Cæsar" will be played. On Wednesday afternoon the programme will consist of "Henry IV.," and on Saturday afternoon of "Hamlet," played without scenery. Mr. Tree will, of course, act the leading part in all the plays.

At the Adelphi, "Measure for Measure" is, it need hardly be said, having its successful



"THE SPANISH MARIE LLOYD": Mlle. AURORA CASTILLO, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Mlle. Aurora Castillo, known as "the Spanish Marie Lloyd," is meeting with much success at the Palace, where she gives several songs.

season; while "The Merchant of Venice," though not actually running in Shakspeare's week, is being played at the Garrick, the revival, no doubt in deference to many requests, having been fixed for this time in honour of Shakspeare's birthday.

At the Crystal Palace the Birthday week will be celebrated by a production of "As You Like It," in which Miss Beatrice Wilson will play Rosalind, and Mr. Norman V. Norman, Jaques.

Not to be behind, the English Drama Society has decided to give three representations of "Love's Labour Lost" on the evening of next Tuesday and in the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, in the Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street. Biron will be played by Mr. Arthur Curtis, who acted Riot in "The Interlude of Youth" and Jacob in "Ghosts," at the society's previous performances; Ferdinand by Mr. Bertram Forsyth, and Don Adriano by Mr. Arthur Goodsall, who acted Oswald Alving in "Ghosts"; while Mr. Nugent Monck, the secretary, who has been responsible for the previous productions, will play Sir Nathaniel, and Mr. Percy Goodyer, who has just returned from South Africa with Mrs. Langtry, will be the clown, Costard. The Princess of France, Rosaline, and Jaquenetta, will be acted by Miss Ina Royle, Miss Isabel Roland, and Miss Katherine Stuart respectively.

It is by no means generally known that in the earlier part of his career Mr. Beerbohm Tree was greatly attracted by Don Adriano, a part which would undoubtedly give him great opportunities for the display of his fantastic humour, as well as for a brilliant make-up, for, as everyone knows, it is, as it were, the sketch which Shakspeare subsequently developed into Malvolio.

At Stratford-on-Avon, as has been the case for many years past, the festival will be under the direction of Mr. F. R. Benson, and it will continue for three weeks. For the birthday itself, "Much Ado About Nothing" will be played, while the other performances during the week include "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "As You Like It." During the second week "Richard II.," "Henry IV. (Part II.)," "Henry V.," the three parts of "Henry VI.," and "Richard III.," with "The Merchant of Venice," will be given; while in the third week the programme includes "King Lear," three performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and repetitions of "Julius Cæsar" and "Much Ado About Nothing." On the Saturday evening in the first week "The Rivals" will be played, and later on "She Stoops to

Conquer" and "Richelieu" will be given, though what Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Bulwer Lytton have to do in a Shakspeare festival it would be exceedingly difficult to say, especially when they have been included to the exclusion of "Othello," "Cymbeline," and "Romeo and Juliet," among the tragedies; "King John" and "Henry VIII.," among the histories; "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," and "A Winter's Tale," among the comedies.

Bristol will likewise celebrate the Shakspeare festival, for, at the Prince's Theatre, Mr. J. M. Chute will produce "Romeo and Juliet" for a fortnight, during which time he will give sixteen performances. For the production, the setting used at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, has been obtained, and an adequate company has been engaged. Miss Haidee Gunn will play Juliet, Mr. Milton Rosmer Romeo, and Mr. Eric Blind, a son of Mr. Rudolf Blind, the well-known artist, will play Mercutio. Mr. Eric Blind was the Posthumus in the recent production of "Cymbeline" at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

To-morrow evening the Savoy Theatre will be filled from floor to ceiling by an expectant and sympathetic audience eager to welcome Miss Lena Ashwell in her new capacity as an actress-manageress and anxious to applaud the success which everyone hopes will be hers with Miss Clotilde Graves's comedy, "The Bond of Ninon." Recognising, however, that in these days, no matter how brilliant the chief actor may be, it is necessary that the best chance be given to the play on which everything depends, Miss Ashwell has surrounded herself by a company the members of which are not only interesting but a guarantee of talent. Thus, the hero will be played by Mr. Henry Ainley, who has been making such strides in the public favour by his

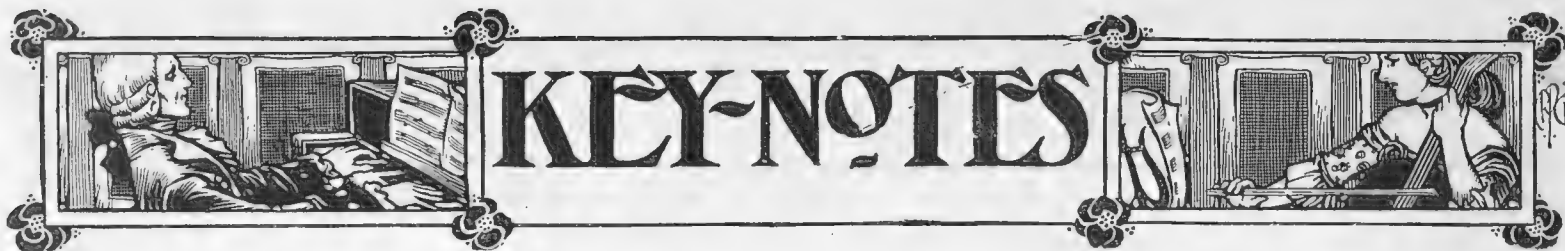


THE "TRICK WITHOUT A TITLE" AT MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant offer a prize of £50 for the best title for this trick. In the course of it, a man is bound to an iron frame in such a way that he is unable to move his body, head, arms, and legs. He is then placed in a cupboard, which is raised from the stage. Next, the cupboard doors are closed. When they are opened, something strange has happened. What it is we are asked not to tell—lest the surprise be spoiled for those who see the trick in the future.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

recent performances; Mr. H. V. Esmond will play Louis XIV., while Mr. Edward Sass, Mr. Frank Tyars, and Mr. Eugene Mayeur (who gave so characteristic a performance in Mr. Granville Barker's play, "The Voysey Inheritance"), Miss Helen Ferrers, and Miss Beatrice Terry figure in a very long cast.





**M**R. DENIS O'SULLIVAN, a singer whose dramatic instinct is so fine that it is only equalled by his vocal quality, sang at the Æolian Hall a few days ago, and sang extremely well, showing a versatility and a deep insight into musical feeling which can scarcely be too highly praised. He has the real and instinctive temperament of the Irishman. He is dramatic, tragic, and also humorous from point to point, and he knows exactly how to realise these particular methods of artistic expression. If it were possible

to have a quarrel with Mr. O'Sullivan, it would be on account of the fact that his emotion is rather too quick and rather too immediate to satisfy anybody who cares for the idea of music "long drawn out." With this single criticism we finish with fault-finding, for indeed the singer's rendering of Strauss's songs was extremely fine, and, after all, Strauss is a great test to any artist, whether he be an orchestral player or a vocalist. When he sang certain compositions by Grieg, he again proved how versatile is his feeling, for he took upon himself the quick emotion of the only master who has, with the one exception of Ibsen, made known to the world the art which has sprung up within In fact, Mr. O'Sullivan, drawbacks, of his minor

Dr. Cowen, who of course conducted the concert throughout, directed his second set of Old English Dances, the first performance of which in London was given on this occasion. The orchestra played very beautifully, with much delicacy, and with great sense of brilliancy. Some of the movements are extremely interesting, and are written from the true artistic point of view; others, particularly the Fifth Variation, are not so engrossing. For example, the "Lovers' Minuet" (which was extremely well played, by the way) is not exactly as classical as one would wish. In spite of the praise given to this particular movement by the writer of the analytical programme, it is impossible to give to it any record of unstinted enjoyment; but in the Old Dance with Variations, with which the work concludes, Dr. Cowen's extraordinarily stimulating talent comes right to the fore, and not only was the music itself extremely enjoyable, but his conducting was also deliciously exciting. The pianissimos at the end were wonderfully interpreted by the orchestra, and, indeed, it has seldom been our lot to hear music played so precisely as it should be played, with such quietude and yet with such vitality.

Plain Song is always a matter which must occupy the mind of every musician who cares to search back in history to the beginning of modern music. The supposed discovery of Greek music, which was announced to the tune of so many trumpets some ten years ago, has been practically proved to be of no consequence whatever. It was to all intents and purposes a resetting of the Hebrew music which probably will endure, despite Wagner's hostility, through all the ages of civilisation. One of the most lovely Advent hymns which is connected with the great services of the Roman Catholic Church is that entitled "Rorate Cœli"; it is a hymn essentially belonging to the early period of music, and was probably preserved to us by the hand of that fine musician, Gregory the Great. But of course the hymn is not for Lent, and it should be dismissed from every liturgical service during that period of the year. It is a pity that such a dismissal should not be accepted in various churches, whether Irvingite, Catholic Apostolic, Anglican, or Catholic. So different are the ideas which connect the various seasons of the year with Advent and Lent that it really becomes an artistic matter to complain that people do not realise how music should influence all those seasons that come and go, yet should be treated, each in turn, according to the idea which every season brings with it.

John Sebastian goes strong. The wonderful Bach, the creator practically of modern music, seems now to be abroad, and to wave his mighty wand of magic over every musician at this period of the year. Messrs. Novello have just published three more of his cantatas: (1) "Wie Schön Leuchtet," (2) "Christ Lag," (3) "Der Geist Hilft," each a masterpiece, particularly noticeable in "Der Geist Hilft," where the interweaving of parts proclaims a musical nobility which is not to be found in any other writer of music, whether ancient or modern.

COMMON CHORD.



A PRINCELY MUSICIAN: PRINCE HENRY XXIV. OF REUSS, WHO HAS JUST WRITTEN HIS SECOND SYMPHONY.

Prince Henry's symphony was recently performed for the first time by the band of the 26th Regiment in the large hall of the University of Halle. The performance, which aroused much interest, was attended by a galaxy of Princes and Princesses.

our own time in the North of Europe. although one is quite convinced of his failures, is probably to be ranked among the greater artists of our modern concert-platform.

Mischa Elman is indeed a repetition in these days of Joseph Joachim. He seems to attract audiences in much the same way as in the very old days Joachim attracted George Eliot and many another distinguished musical and literary personality to St. James's Hall. Joachim has not yet finished his noble and magnificent career, but it is surely an interesting and engrossing point that the young man who is now rising like the sun in the East should be able to see the giant who, without disrespect to himself, is setting in the West. Elman, who made his first appearance at the latest Philharmonic Concert, to which we refer, played Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra quite magnificently. One does not regard this player from any pragmatic point of view, but he plays like a man simply because he has the sense of virility developed thoroughly in his temperament. He has a breadth of tone and a perfect command of his resources which, if one did not look at him as he stands on the platform, might easily be regarded as belonging to a man of many years who has passed through many trials of experience. It is not a question of prodigy-work which one has to discuss in considering Mischa Elman's art: it is the fact rather that he has fulfilled much in a few years. One remembers that deep saying, "He was taken away lest evil should touch his mind," and that is precisely what one feels that art has done for Mischa Elman. Art has taken him away from the common things of earth, and has made him the ideal which Ruskin once described as being the Child of the World.



PRUSSIA'S MUSICAL PRINCE: PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM OF PRUSSIA, WHO HAS WRITTEN A BOOK OF MARCHES AND DANCES.

A German firm of music-publishers has just issued a book of marches and dances by Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, son of the Regent of Brunswick. The Prince is very musical, and in addition to composing, sings, and plays the piano, violin, and violoncello.



THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT THE SISTINE CHAPEL: DON LORENZO PEROSI.

Photograph by P. Biazzi.



THE DUST NUISANCE AND ITS AVOIDANCE—IS IT ILLEGAL TO PREVENT ILLEGALITY?—PREPARE A SUBSTITUTE FOR PETROL!—  
MOTOR TAXATION—ENGLISH MANUFACTURERS.

THE extremely dry weather that preceded the Easter holidays, a rainless period of sufficient length to be quite remarkable in this country, has once more brought the dust nuisance to the fore. Although the fault of dust-raising cannot be laid primarily at the door, or I should say at the wheels, of the motor-car, yet when foot-passengers and carriage folk are choked and blinded by the whirling column of gritty atoms a car leaves behind it, it is more than human to hope that they will blame the character of the road-surface and not the vehicle running thereon. If a car owner or driver has any sort of consideration for his fellow-creatures he cannot feel anything but selfish and a nuisance when he marks the unpleasant cloud he leaves behind him on an enclosed country road, even when driving well within the absurd legal limit.

It cannot be said that makers, inventors, or the Automobile Club have seriously tackled the dust question from the point of view of the car. When the nuisance obtains, some spasmodic action is taken; letters suggesting remedies are written to the motor papers until the general dampness of the English climate reasserts itself, and the matter is once more dropped. That the volume of dust raised by a car can be to some extent at least affected by its construction has been demonstrated upon more than one occasion by the comparative dustlessness of the Spyker car, a vehicle built in Holland, which is remarkable for an under-apron of sheet steel of particularly clean lines. Whether the sectional form of this under-apron has been specially designed, or is the result of accident consequent upon the form of the transmission organs it protects, I cannot say, but the fact that the car raises much less dust than the average is undeniable. Now if this result can be obtained in one car, it should, in the best interests of automobilism, be sought after in others.

When the policeman has set his little motor-snare and trained his little trap he is most annoyed if his prey be notified of the doom awaiting them. He has once or twice tried browbeating those anxious to aid him in the prevention of an infraction of the law, but hitherto his protests have taken the form of threats alone. Now he proposes to go farther, and to make test as to whether the law can be twisted in such wise that it can be held to be illegal to prevent illegality. A young man named Little has just been proceeded against

and common-sense are often widely divided, this Bench will hardly care to suggest that it is criminal to prevent crime.

The lesser has been swallowed up by the greater, and that cormorant of interests, the Standard Oil Company, has, I understand, engulfed the General Petroleum Company, who were expected to stand athwart the possibility of a corner in petrol. This engorgement



A CAR THAT COMPLETED THE 4000 MILES NON-STOP RUN WITHOUT MISHAP DURING THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB TRIALS: ENTRY No. 11, BUILT BY DENNIS BROTHERS, LIMITED, OF GUILDFORD.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

should serve to concentrate the attention of all concerned upon the pressing necessity for the easy production and employment of home-made alcohol in internal-explosion motors employed for road locomotion. With the continual growth in the consumption of petroleum spirit, due to the rapidly increasing numbers of cars, motor-omibuses, and self-propelled commercial vehicles, an *impasse*, brought about by shortage or a corner, will sooner or later arrive, and should it find the industry unprepared with a substitute, there will be seen a *débâcle* such as few commercial interests have experienced.

Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., although he poses to the contrary, is no friend to the motorist of moderate means with his proposed scale of motor-taxation. In putting his suggestions forward, he makes no attempt to show why a motorist should pay a heavier impost than the owner of a horse-drawn vehicle, the use of which upon the public roads causes considerably greater expense to the community and is considerably more harmful to the general health. At present the owner of, say, a twelve-horse power to sixteen-horse power car pays £2 7s. per annum after the first year of ownership, when he pays a guinea more. Now, that amount is sufficiently heavy, when the crushing amount of taxes paid by the man of moderate means is borne in mind, and Mr. Henry Norman will not be thanked for seeking to impose yet heavier burdens.

While there is frequently much blowing of trumpets and general adulation of foreign-built automobiles offered for sale in this country, the natural modesty of many of our English manufacturers stands in the way of their publicity. Let us take, for example, the firm of Messrs. Dennis Brothers and Co., of Guildford, whose output has so well recommended itself that the firm have since their initiation never ceased from extending their well-situated premises in Surrey's picturesque county town. It must never be forgotten that, save for one other English maker, Messrs. Dennis Brothers, Limited, have alone had the courage to adopt worm-drive to the back axle, a form of drive which not so long ago many experts characterised as impossible. The excellent performance of the Dennis car which, shod with Collier tyres, was lately engaged in the 4000 miles Tyre and Lamp Trials, promoted by the Automobile Club G.B.I., is proof sufficient of the excellence of these cars generally, and the Dennis worm-drive in particular. This car ran through these trials over all sorts and conditions of roads without mishap of any kind.



THE CAR PEOPLE ARE DYING TO RIDE IN: A MOTOR-HEARSE.

The motor-hearse here illustrated is used for "hurried" funerals, is the property of Messrs. Stephen and Bean, undertakers, of California, and is known as the "No. 1 Rambler."

Photograph by Topical Agency.

for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty, such obstruction taking the form of warning motorists approaching a measured distance where two constables in plain clothes, armed in all probability with cheap and inaccurate stop-watches, skulked in concealment. The young man called out "Police trap!" to the approaching motorists, and therein lay his obstruction. The Bench have reserved their decision for three weeks, but that can only be to lessen the emphasis of their decision, for though magisterial pronouncements



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—EXPENSES—YANKEES.

I THOUGHT that Lally looked very well at Warwick. He has grown, and although not quite fit, was nevertheless fit enough for the season of the year. He is, I should say, a stayer who would be well suited by the Epsom gradient, and with B. Dillon in the saddle he will not want for handling in the race for the Derby. Sarcelle, trained in the same stable, is spoken of as a likely competitor at Epsom; but, according to my information, Lally was many pounds the superior of Sarcelle as a two-year-old, and although the pair are not at all likely to be tried, I should say the Netheravon stable would, without a shadow of doubt, pin their faith to Lally. A friend of mine who visited Foxhill lately says that Black Arrow will make the best of them gallop at Epsom. He may if he gets off all right from the starting-gate; but this is a very big "if," as Mr. Charley Hannam, who lost several thousands when Black Arrow stood still at Goodwood last year, will agree. Lynham will ride Colonel Walker's colt in the Derby, but it does not follow in his case that the horse will do better for him than he did for Bertie Jones, who was put up instead of G. McCall in the latter part of last season. I am hoping that R. Marsh will have Nulli Secundus fit by Derby day, as thousands of race-goers are looking forward to seeing his Majesty's colours in the van at Epsom. Nulli Secundus is being saved specially for the race, and a Newmarket tout tells me that he ought to win it on his looks. He has been treated tenderly, not hurried in any way, and he is as sound as bell-metal. On the book Lally looks to be a good thing, but I hope to be able to have a good word to say for Nulli Secundus on the eve of the race.

I notice with pleasure that the South-Western Railway Company have arranged to reduce their third-class fares to Kempton on Bank Holiday, and I think the time has arrived for all the southern railways to copy the example of the lines running north and institute a series of cheap fares in connection with Metropolitan fixtures. "Kitty" is just now the great bugbear of racing—so much so that

cudgels on behalf of a lady who complained to me of having to sit up in a box all day while her husband was able to stroll about on the lawn, where ladies are not admitted. Why not? The ladies are always with us in the club enclosures at the Park meetings. Why not at Epsom? Perhaps Mr. John Corlett, who is a shareholder in the company, will tell us. Again, the ladies are not admitted into the club enclosure at Goodwood, which, I believe, is a great drawback to the ducal meeting, and I do wish the Duke of Richmond would try the experiment of allowing ladies to stroll about in the club enclosure, where all the swell racing-men congregate. There are many things by which racing could be made popular, but the first thing to be done is to cut down the expenses all round.



THE CADDIE PROBLEM: GIRL CADDIES ON THE LYTHAM AND ST. ANNE'S LINKS.

The controversy raging—more or less—round the statement that boy caddies are apt to become "wasters," and should, in consequence, be replaced by men, has called forth the suggestion that girls should act as caddies. They already do so on numerous links in Lancashire and Hertfordshire, and are said to be smarter and more attentive than boys.—[Photograph by the Press Studio.]

There are at present in our midst any number of Yankee speculators who are bent on breaking the English bookies. It will be remembered that a few years back some 'cute Americans tried their 'prentice hands at the same game. They prospered amazingly for a time, but directly one or two persons connected with racing got into trouble, these men left our shores without paying their losings, and by this means the late Mr. R. H. Fry lost thousands of pounds. There is no royal road to fortune at backing horses, and only by the aid of roguery could the system be made a complete success—I mean by Yankee speculators; and our bookies should be very careful in dealing with these gentlemen. The partial downfall of our racing dates from the time when the foreigners came here, and carried away thousands of pounds, owing in the main to upsets in form, and when inquiries caused this to be righted, those that remained decided to scoot without paying their debts of honour. I don't see myself why Tattersall's Ring could not be run on the exact lines adopted on the Stock Exchange and at Lloyd's. This might easily be done if the bookmakers were licensed. The letter of the law is actually with us at the present time, for it is possible now to have bookie or backer warned off for default, but the professionals seldom set the law in motion. They know that it is impossible to extract



NETTING FISH THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE.



WINTER SPORTS IN NORTH CHINA.

A "PUI-TZU": USING THE PAI-TZU.

The pai-tzu is a species of sledge, which is "punted" along the frozen waterways by a man armed with a pointed boat-hook. On good ice, a speed of from five to eight miles an hour is attained. Netting fish through a hole cut in the ice is a method much favoured. It is described by our correspondent as follows: "A large square hole is cut in the ice, and the square net lowered into it. The beam holding the net is attached by a rope to the man's body, and is pulled up by a sort of miniature rope-ladder. Should any fish—by accident—be caught, they are taken out of the net by an ordinary-looking landing-net."—[Photographs by Dinwiddie.]

men of limited means prefer to stay at home and try and back winners at starting-price. The competition of the south has not up till now reduced the fares to Epsom, but it will come sooner or later, as six-and-sixpence is a steep price to pay for a first-class return ticket, while eight-and-sixpence for the 'late train' is simply startling. It is not surprising that those who have motors use them, while others who have not, and cannot afford the stiff railway fare, walk or go down by road. And while I am on the question of Epsom, I must take up the

blood from a stone, and they have little chance in the law-courts, as the Gaming Act is fatal to their cause. Rather they prefer to allow defaulters to live and act as decoy-ducks by introducing new customers. Younger sons of our old nobility are seldom dunned, for the bookies think that sooner or later they will come into property, if not titles, when things will hum once again.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"THERE be no two ways wi' spring," said an old Hertfordshire farmer to us some days ago, when on the ideal-country-cottage prowl intent—we were exploring village and hamlet in the home counties—"ee be eyther a ragin' lion or a cooin' dove, ee be"; and certainly the leonine aspect has been



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A SMART RACE-COAT.

singularly absent in the season that is passing away. Gaily dressed folk have been sitting out in the Park, and white gowns have come, like the first swallow, to announce that summer's splendour is on the way. Luggage-laden motors and top-heavy, antediluvian four-wheelers wend their respectively swift and solemn ways in and about town and country, and the season may, in fact, be said to have started for London. The glorious weather that favoured these islands before Easter sent every woman who could afford herself a gown or hat to the shops; and if the sunshine searching out shabby places in our wardrobes had not been in itself enough to tempt one to purchasing, there was also the seductive superstition that enjoins one to wear "something new," for luck, on Easter Sunday. The tendency to eschew dark colours is an increasing extravagance, and every one who can or cannot afford herself a frock nowadays affects pale pastel shades, which are decidedly smarter and more becoming, though Metropolitan smuts soon dull their brilliance.

Some scientific folk, in demonstrating how sooty and smutty and in need of saponaceous aid generally our dear London really is, have advanced alarming statistics to show that so many tons of sticky black particles fall on a certain area each week, but whether the quantity is to a square inch or square mile I am uncertain. Only the fact remains that, wherever one sits, leans, lounges, or stands in town, or within a two-mile radius, these clinging particles adhere with fatal effects to white gloves or feathers or hats or parasols or gowns, not to mention faces. Many women who value their skins now take Turkish or electric or other baths to get the atmosphere of London out of their complexions, while the "beauty doctors,"

of whom there is an ever-increasing number, drive a prosperous trade with their various systems of massaging, steaming, and toning the hard-driven Metropolitan visage, subject to the triple ills of hard water, hard winds, and smoke-laden atmosphere. We are informed that when electricity comes more generally into vogue for cooking and heating, as it already has for lighting, London, free from the coal-smoke fiend, will boast an air as clear as Yorkshire moors or Norfolk Broads. That desirable but expensive millennium seems, however, somewhat nebulous, so to counteract climatic outrages we naturally turn to such authorities as Mrs. Adair, who, with her wonderful system of revitalising the hair and complexion, is such a benefactress to her sex.

Princess Ena's hair and colouring are an ever-recurring source of amazement and admiration to the Spaniards, whose darker style is in such contrast to that of their future Queen. Of course, there exist fair señoritas, and extremely beautiful they are as a rule, with large grey eyes and skins of the "clear pallor" that lady novelists love to dwell on; but *les yeux bleus*, with colouring of milk and roses, and hair like a cornfield in June are the combination that makes their young King's fiancée appear a being from another planet to the romantically minded populace of Old Spain.

Pale-blue and pink, both favourite colours of Princess Ena, are the vogue of the moment in Paris, London, and Madrid. Together or separately they appear on gowns and millinery of the latest creation. Myosotis, periwinkle, and bluebell-blue are the favourite names for modish tones of the colour; and a frock of the new "radium" silk in pink, veiled in white chiffon, which is trimmed again with chiffon flower-wreaths in pink and *ciel*, is one of the simpler evening gowns in Empire style made in Paris for the Princess's trousseau. A belt of silver tissue and a band of the same at the hem emphasises the Second Empire style in which it is fashioned.

Far from the madding crowd of "C.-B."-ites and Labourists have many "respectable" politicians flown this last week or two; and,



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A DAINTY EMPIRE FROCK.



late as the season is, Mr. Chamberlain was "discovered" last week lunching at an interesting function given by Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon at the Hermitage, Monte Carlo, the guests also including Baron Gustave de Rothschild and the Baroness, so famous for her collection of differently coloured pearls.

Empire coats of pale-coloured cloths and silk have figured largely as wraps for the Terrace at "Monte." The style, of which there was a good exemplification in last week's number, does not readily lend itself to ornamentation, but has had an enormous vogue nevertheless. The short waist and ample skirts make it a convenient form of *surtout*.

From dear, dirty Dublin, which, after all, is not nearly as "dirty" as London (in its atmosphere, at all events), comes a useful little

brochure, entitled "Clothes and their Care," which points out in the most practical manner the difference between the daintily dressed Frenchwoman and her less *chic* Saxon sister, who does not realise to the same degree how sweet are the uses of the dry cleaner. There are over three thousand cleaning dépôts in Paris, which fact alone speaks volumes for the "particularity" of the Frenchwoman, who is never seen in a crushed or soiled garment, because directly it becomes so the *nettoyage-à-sec* comes into play, and therein lies the secret of the exquisite delicacy and daintiness in all details of our good *voisines*. The Dartrey dyeing and cleaning processes are new, effective, and economical. No more need one fear the extravagant cleaner's bill if clothes are submitted to the Dartrey Works. Blouses, for example, are cleaned from eighteenpence, skirts from half-a-crown, tweed costumes from four-and-sixpence, silk or satin from the same low price; and these facts, once known, ought to work a revolution in the household, for really, while admiring the results of the ordinary cleaner, one stands appalled at his

done their best to flatter him. Mr. Churchill is a very ready and a very able speaker. Parliament likes courage, and does not dislike audacity when it is united with cleverness.

Mr. Joseph Fels is evidently a man of ideas, as he showed in his proposed farm colony for the unemployed. The fresh place in which he has broken out is in the exaltation of the bath-room in elementary schools, which ought, he thinks, "to be raised to the dignity of a class-room"; and he has offered £5000 to the London County Council to establish an "experimental health-centre" at one of the day schools in London. This, if it ever materialises, should be a considerably amusing place. We gather that young Londoners will not only be "tubbed" and taught to swim, but will also have their general health looked after, with special reference to the palate, nostrils, throat, and ears. Well, why not eyes?—for the soap has been known to get into them, too, with consequent wailings. Evidently the teacher of the future will have to be a capable sort of person, who has gone through a preliminary medical course, and knows a thing or two about a nurse's duties. What we should dearly like to have are the candid opinions of little Master Tommy and little Miss Jemima on the scheme. How will they like being overhauled in this unceremonious way? And the parents! They will arise in their wrath and complain to Mr. Plowden that their precious ones have been—oh, monstrous outrage on democracy!—forcibly washed!

The admirers of Maxim Gorky will no doubt be attracted to Terry's Theatre on Monday afternoon, when, under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, a translation of the "Bezsemenovs" will be produced for the first time on the English stage. It will be repeated on two other days during the week.

Thanks to Lord Roberts, the teaching of the youth of the nation how to handle a rifle effectively has become a subject of absorbing interest. The War Office, having considered the question of the most suitable weapon, have just decided on a model, but it is not yet clear what further steps they will take. It is obvious, therefore, that the military rifle-makers are on the alert, and we learn that the Birmingham Small Arms Company, who are particularly well laid out for such work, have decided to take up the manufacture. The cadet rifle will be an important piece of work, comparable in style and finish with the best types of military arm, and can only be produced by the aid of a very special plant of tools and machinery. It would be premature to say anything definite regarding price until the official model and specification are forthcoming, but the figure spoken of by the War Office when they introduced the subject was a very low one. The Birmingham Small Arms Company already have in hand the machinery, gauges, tools and other appliances necessary to ensure rapid delivery. They hope to have samples ready for Bisley next July, and shortly afterwards to deal with orders in the rotation in which they are received.

A Cycle of Sudermann, beginning on Friday, will be the next distinguishing feature of the programme of the German Theatre. It will probably extend to six plays, one of which, "Das Blumenboot," will be acted for the first time on any stage.

Another of Sudermann's works, "Johannisfeuer," has been selected for the next production of the Incorporated Stage Society.

An extraordinary rumour that Madame Lallie Charles is dead has been going the rounds. Madame Charles asks us to state that the rumour is decidedly premature.

Yet another idea for doing honour to the memory of Shakspeare is a festival organised by the Urban Club. It will be held at the Hotel Cecil on Monday, and will be under the presidency of Sir Squire Bancroft, whose energy, like his good will, seems inexhaustible.

On Saturday next Miss Ada Reeve will leave London for South Africa, in order to take part in the opening of the new variety theatre in Johannesburg, which has been announced for some time in the middle of May.



THE GRAND NATIONAL CUP, 1906.

The Grand National Trophy for this year is an exceptionally fine piece of work. It stands on a beautifully moulded base of fumed oak, designed specially to harmonise with the lines of the cup. The cup itself is of wrought silver, and stands about three feet high. It is the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., the King's Goldsmiths, of Lord Street, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

charges. Men's clothes and children's, as well as household matters, are treated with equal sense and success by the Dartrey Dye Works, and it is quite pleasant to know that the Sister Isle is responsible for the energy and enterprise which have contributed to the development of the Dartrey Dye Works in Dublin.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

VOYAGEUSE (Dublin).—Your friend's experience should have made you realise the danger of taking jewellery of such value about. You may consider yourself fortunate in not having lost it all. In the present instance, you would be well advised to get duplicates made by the Parisian Diamond Company, who are adepts in the art, and I can promise you that the replicas will defy detection, the Company's work and jewels are so marvellous.

SYBIL.

#### GENERAL NOTES.

THE most active member of the Front Opposition Bench has been Mr. Arnold-Forster. There is a tendency to sneer at the ex-War Minister, and he has been ironically described as a twentieth-century Edmund Burke. The man of ideas is always suspect in the House of Commons, and Mr. Arnold-Forster is suspected of knowing that he is cleverer and better read than most of the other members. He is dogmatic, and he is not conciliatory. In the absence of Mr. Balfour, who is taking the rest-cure, and Mr. Chamberlain, who has been seen at Monte Carlo, there has been a good opportunity for the minor men on the Front Unionist Bench; and they have been well backed up when they attacked the Government.

So far, the man of the session has been Mr. Winston Churchill. He has obtained a splendid opportunity through the prominence of his Department, and he has improved it. If the Under-Secretary had been a weak man, a member of the Cabinet would have intervened in debate and made up for his deficiency. But Mr. Churchill is abler than some members—at any rate—of the inner circle. His position has been magnified also by the personal attacks of his opponents. While trying to teach him a lesson, they have on several occasions



FROM THE ITALIAN COLONY IN LONDON TO THE RETIRING ITALIAN AMBASSADOR, SIGNOR PANSA.

The piece takes the form of a reproduction in sterling silver of the famous marble vase attributed to Lysippus of Sicyon, a Greek artist of about B.C. 300. The original was dug from the ruins of the Tiburtine Villa, the favourite retreat of Hadrian; was brought to England in A.D. 1774, and was eventually purchased by the Earl of Warwick, who placed it in Warwick Castle, where it still remains. The pedestal is of modern design. The work was carried out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

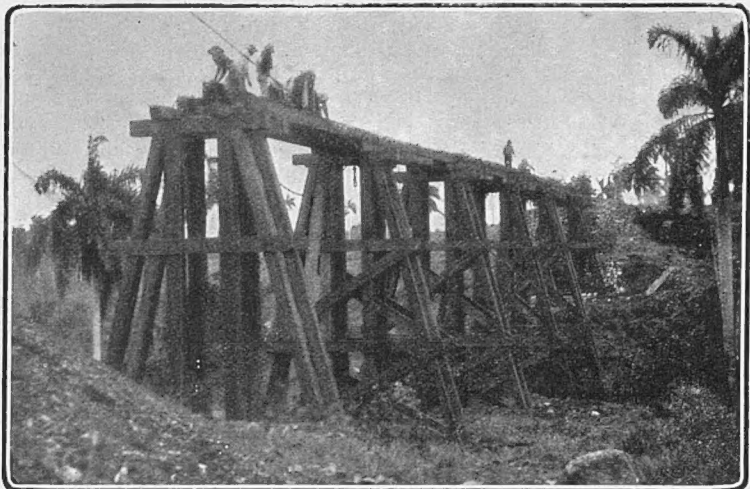
Photograph by Stoneham.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 24.*

IT cannot be expected that there will be much excitement in the holiday markets of the present week, especially as the large Jewish element—or at least the stricter part of it—will be doing little or no business during the Passover. These notes suffer from our having to go to press several hours before the usual time, but the outlook is distinctly cheerful, and the money position is satisfactory



BUILDING A TEMPORARY RAILWAY BRIDGE IN CUBA.

both here and in America; while the optimistic view of the South African situation entertained by the chairman of the Standard Bank has exercised a good influence on Kaffirs. In the diamond section the continued firmness of Premiers has been marked, and every reader and follower of "Q's" advice has got well home on his purchase and can put a reasonable profit in his pocket. Another favourite stock of ours, United Railway of Havana Ordinary, has shown a marked upward tendency, and should be bought at anything like its present price for investment by those who like a reasonable security paying over 5 per cent., with a good chance of capital improvement. We hear that a scheme for capitalising the arrears of dividend on Argentine Land and Investment Preference shares is under consideration. Should it come to fruition, it will be a good thing for the holders of Ordinary shares, at any rate.

## WAIHI AND OTHER THINGS.

Those of our readers who have followed "Q's" consistent recommendation of Waihi Gold shares will have been pleased to see the announcement of a bonus of 2s. per share, which they will receive in addition to the quarterly distributions of 3s. In our issue of Sept. 6 last year "Q" wrote: "There is no doubt a very long life before the mine, and no one who buys the shares at anything under £7 is likely to regret his purchase." The shares were then quoted at 6½-¾, as against 7¼ to day, but it will be seen that "Q" does not consider them over-valued at the present price. Several correspondents, who have held the shares for some time, are asking "Q's" opinion on the advisability of selling at the present quotation, so that the following note will be seasonable—

The shareholders in the *Waihi Gold Mining Company* will have been pleased to see the announcement of a 2s. bonus, making the total distribution for 1905, 65 per cent., tax free. It will not have escaped their notice that as they are in receipt of quarterly dividends of 3s. per share, the bonus distribution will raise the total dividend paid during the current year to 14s. per share, or 70 per cent., and in view of the steadily increasing returns from the mine there can be little doubt that this rate of dividend will be maintained. At the present price, therefore, the shares can still be bought to pay 10 per cent., and they are certainly not over-valued. The principal work this year will be the opening up of the eighth level, as to which it is rumoured that favourable reports are coming to hand. If these should be substantiated I should not be surprised to see the shares advance gradually to a considerably higher figure.

The figures of the *Babcock and Wilcox Company's* report are, as I anticipated, quite satisfactory. The net profit for 1905 amounted to £291,022, as compared with £289,749 in 1904. After paying 20 per cent. dividend, a total sum of £120,000 is carried to reserve, and the balance forward is £31,967, as against £28,520. The reserve funds now amount to over £200,000, and it should be noted that this is a real reserve, invested outside the business.

To the Nitrate Companies' shares I have recommended to your readers' notice in former issues I should like to add the *Pacific Nitrate Company's* shares, which stand at about 1½. This is a new Company, and I am told on good authority that the grounds are proving to be very valuable, and that large dividends should be earned from the time the Company gets to work, which will be in a few months' time. The shares are likely to increase in value.

April 11, 1906.

## INVESTMENT STOCKS AND HOME RAILS.

By postponing the Budget until the end of April, the Government has given the Consol Market plenty of time in which to speculate upon the possible items in the country's balance-sheet. The salient points, however, were known three weeks ago, and now the gilt-edged departments have halted, prior to the publication of the Government's further plans. There is a fairly widespread idea that the advance in Consols has not yet exhausted itself, but that the approach of the

Irish Loan will continue to act as a damper upon the Market until the stock is issued. Upon the probable course of money in the near future there is some divergence of opinion, although the heavier weight leans towards the expectation of a 3 per cent. Bank Rate, and not towards the recurrence of the 4 per cent. that prevailed until the first week of April. A 3 per cent. rate would perhaps infuse some little life even into the lifeless Home Railway department, though we rather doubt whether anything short of a volcano would put up prices with any rapidity. Holiday traffics should be decidedly good, and the prevalence of the bright weather in advance of Easter probably had the effect of making up many minds which hesitated whether to spend the recess away from home or not. But the public are not buying Home Railway stocks, for a variety of causes frequently detailed in these columns, and unless the traffics present a remarkably good set of figures, the apathy of the Market will continue for a while longer.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Holidays are all very well in their way," grumbled The Broker, "but they cut up business terribly."

"Don't be a fool," admonished The Jobber sharply. "When there's nothing doing, it's the best possible course to shut up the House and give a man the chance of breathing fresh air for a few days."

"Hear, hear!" The Carriage cheered.

"We ought to get better times after Easter," The Broker hastened to observe, shifting his unpopular ground.

"Why?" demanded The Jobber, still ferocious.

"Oh, cheaper money, more settled government, more—more—more business all round."

"Why don't people buy Home Rails? It's extraordinary to me how dull that market is," The City Editor remarked.

"Not extraordinary to any man of sense, though," The Jobber told him. "Too much competition in other directions."

"Vague!" retorted The City Editor.

"Who's going to buy Brum or Middy to pay him 3½ per cent. if he can get 4½ per cent. from quite decent Jappy bonds?"

"The First and Second Series of 4½ per cents., I presume you indicate?" questioned The Banker.

"Yes. Home Rails may possibly go up, say, three to five points—"

"Highly improbable in the present condition of the market," The Engineer interpolated.

"There you are. And you can get 5 per cent. from Brazil bonds, and about 4½ from Trunk Seconds—a man told me so yesterday; and—good heavens! where's the attraction in Home Rails?"

"Keep your wool on," was The City Editor's vulgar advice. "We may not agree—"

"And how about your Labour legislation?" The Broker artfully asked.

"That's nothing, my boy," returned the militant Radical—"nothing at all."

"I should say it—or the prospect of it—had a good deal to do with the public's refusal to buy Home Rails."

"Well, maybe I haven't studied the subject closely enough to make my opinion worth having," said The Jobber.

"Candid, anyway," was The Solicitor's comment. "I am afraid,



TYPICAL SCENERY ON A RAILWAY IN CUBA.

though, that the present Parliament won't be much of a bull point for Home Rails."

"It won't be here long," declared The Broker. "No Government—"

"Yes, it could," said The Jobber quickly. "So don't worry yourself on that score."

"Foreign stocks of all sorts appear to be getting very popular," The Banker remarked.

The Broker confirmed. "People are selling their British Industrials and putting the money into foreign securities."



"Bonds, d'you mean?"

"Oh, no. Railway and Industrial things as well."

"I believe those Argentine Railway stocks are too high," The Solicitor stated.

"I'm with you there," The Merchant agreed, throwing down his paper. "The Argentine Republic has had everything its own way during the past few years, and it's very nearly time a reaction occurred."

"Let's all sell our Pacifics, Rosies, Westerns, and Land shares," suggested The Broker.

"Disinterested!" scoffed The Jobber. "I might as well say 'And put all the money into American Rails.'"

"Wouldn't go far wrong if you did," maintained The City Editor.

"Even Canadas will buck up," pursued The Jobber.

"Time they did. But Yankees?"

"I repeat my constant advice: Buy Yankees on a flat day and sell them on a good one, and you'll make money."

"Really!" exclaimed The Broker. "What a very brilliant idea! Got any more of the same sort?"

For once The Jobber coloured: the retort was too apposite to court recrimination.

The City Editor smilingly said something about the wonderful prosperity of the United States.

"There's Steel Preference that will go better," started The Jobber again. "And Canadas, and Unions."

"And Mexican Rails?" inquired The Merchant.

"Aha! now you *are* putting a poser, and no mistake. The dividend's due next Thursday."

"I should feel rather inclined to sell them in advance of the dividend," The Broker said.

"You know what the Mexican Railway market is," warned The City Editor.

"Not at all. You never know what it is, and that's what makes it so dangerous," and The Jobber playfully threw a match at The Broker's hat.

"It strikes me——"

"I thought it would," replied the offender affably. "I struck it first, though," and he offered his match-box. "Sorry it went out."

"You'll go out in a minute," threatened The Broker, more in anger than in sorrow.

"And I suppose you'd go and sell a bear of the stock on the accident," said the Jobber reproachfully. "Oh, Brokie!"

"Tell you what to go a bear of," said The Merchant. "That's Pekin Syndicates."

"Brave heart!" cried The City Editor, in admiration. "And there are only some forty thousand shares altogether."

"Nevertheless——"

"Better buy Premier Deferred," The Broker advised.

"Oh, by the way," put in The Solicitor, "have you noticed how *The Sketch* came right about Premiers, after all?"

"The shares went down fast enough at first," and The Engineer shuddered slightly. "But they've come up again now."

"I thought it was a common or garden newspaper tip," declared The Solicitor. "It really looks as though he knew something, though."

"Gloomy market, Kaffirs," hazarded The City Editor.

"Not so gloomy as some of your dismal prophecies about its future," The Broker replied. "You——"

"We can never speak of the Kaffir Market without becoming personal," The Banker noticed.

"South Africa's been the grave of many a broker's reputation," The Merchant sighed.

"And of many a poor fool's savings," continued The Solicitor.

"And of many a salted sample," The Jobber concluded, as he alighted. By way of postscript he added, with obvious irrelevance, "Who was that said Geduld?"

Thursday, April 12, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. R.—It all depends on the Articles of Association. If they do not provide for anything but laying a balance-sheet before the shareholders, the directors need not send one out, or let you take a copy away from the meeting, but you can make a copy for yourself. In private companies it is not uncommon to provide that the accounts shall only be read to the meeting, and every company is governed by its own Articles.

DEVON.—We know little of No. 1. The Steel Company is a fair speculation and said to be doing well. The Newspaper Company is certainly a flourishing concern, but you had better leave No. 4 alone. Why not buy (1) Waihi shares, (2) United Railway of Havana, (3) River Plate Gas shares, all things you can lock up, and that yield a good rate of interest?

CONTRACTOR.—The Kaffirs depend too much on the solution of the labour difficulty to please us, but your selections are good. The Electric tractions we do not advise. See this week's Notes as to the Argentine shares. Add Waihi to the mine list, and do not forget, with the silver shares, that it is the price of lead and zinc which you must watch. The Railway Second Preference are a good gamble. The shares alluded to were those of the Esperanza Company.

BICEPS.—The Insurance Company is well spoken of, but its methods are too Yankee for our taste. Get rates from the Australian Mutual Provident and the Colonial Mutual Insurance Company, both of which we prefer to the concern you name.

NOTE.—In consequence of having to go to press early, we must ask the indulgence of correspondents who may not find answers in this week's issue.

#### ISIS - WORSHIP IN PARIS : THE LATEST NEW-OLD RELIGION.

THE worship of Isis is one of the oldest religions in the world. Imagine, therefore, one's surprise in finding in frivolous Paris a temple to the goddess. Such a building exists in a quiet district of the suburbs. As you step in from the modern, bustling world you are transported to ancient Thebes, to an epoch thousands of years B.C. On all hands are signs of the religion of the ancient Egyptians. The figure of Isis, with a strange helmet upon her head and wearing rich vestments of silk and of gauze, is facing you on the altar. Before her burn perpetually three green stone lamps, flat and boat-shaped. Flowers are strewn upon the altar. The lotus, symbol of resurrection, predominates. Everything is symbolic. Round about are Osiris and Nephthys, Horus and Harpocrates, deities in the religion of the Egyptians. Isis bears in her hand a rose wand, which signifies fruitfulness. An instrument of great significance is the sistrum, which is shaken by the priest during the ceremonies. The lower part is of wood, fashioned like a pestle; the top part is hoop-shaped and formed of brass. Four metal rods unite the sides, and upon the rods are rings. When the sistrum is shaken, the rings jingle together. This curious priestly implement is full of meaning. The ellipse of brass signifies the arch of heaven; the four rods the elements of water, air, earth, and fire.

So you might continue. There is deep symbolism in everything—in the form of the lamps, the attitudes of the worshippers, the robes of the priest and priestess. Upon his shoulders and over the flowing silken surplice of the cult the former wears a tawny leopard's skin. That speaks also of the heavens, the spots being the stars, the tawny ground the sun.

This singular revival is owing to one man, and that man is a Scot, usually known in Paris as Count MacGregor. His title comes from Pretender's days in Scotland, and was bestowed upon an ancestor. Count MacGregor is steeped in Egyptology and the lore of the ancients. His revival is historically accurate. Some time ago he gave a series of services in the Théâtre de la Bodinière, to which went fashionable Paris. An interesting part of the celebration was the religious dancing. A young Parisian lady, recently a convert to Isis, danced before the congregation. Her first dance was the "Danse des Fleurs," symbolising the homage of the earth to the Egyptian goddess; the second, the "Danse du Miroir," representing water, the waves of light being held to typify the waves of the sea; the third, an ultra-elaborate affair intended to symbolise fire; and the fourth, "Danse des Parfums," which is supposed to present the earth and its scents. The ladies in the congregation brought offerings of flowers; and many of the men flung wheat upon the altar. The service was artistic in the extreme.

Count MacGregor, in his robes as High Priest of Isis—his name is then changed to Rameses—is a striking and wonderful figure. In his hand he bears the tall stem of the lotus-flower. His head is encased in a helmet that recalls the Roman gladiator. Upon the collar and breast, the girdle and the hem of the white robe of the hierophant appear many strange figures, which have their meaning to the initiates familiar with the cabbala and the formulæ of occultism. Mystery and magic bulk largely in the religion of Isis.

Flowers play a considerable part in this new-old religion. They symbolise in ancient Egyptian lore the beauty of the earth and the beauty of life. The High Priestess, whose name "in religion" is Anari, and in private life, the Countess MacGregor (wife of the Count), wears many flowers in the decoration of her robes. She is a particularly attractive woman, as becomes a celebrant in the cult of the beautiful. She has expressive features, lighted by large grey eyes, and a voice that falls caressingly on the ear.

The services seem to have been discontinued of late. Perhaps the followers of Isis are not pleased at the publicity they have obtained—at any rate, they show a certain reticence when approached on the subject of the practice of their cult.

#### TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Newmarket Craven Meeting opens the flat-race season at Newmarket, and owners take this opportunity of running the horses that are in training at that place. I think the Babraham Plate will be won by Princess Florizel, and the Crawford Stakes by Mida; the Visitors' Welter may go to Corœbus. I like The Greek for the Long Course Plate; the Apprentices' Handicap should go to Vincula; and Signet looks well in the Flying Handicap. Rose Lips should capture the Three-Year-Old Handicap. For the Newmarket Biennial I like Radium, the Fitzwilliam Stakes look good for Gnome, Prince William may capture the Column Produce Stakes, and Vermont ought to capture the Granby Plate. At Alexandra Park on Saturday Planter should win the Finsbury Handicap, and Tunis the April Auction Plate. I like the chances of the following for the opening day of the Epsom Meeting: Tattenham Plate, Paso Robles; Prince of Wales's Stakes, Brownist; Great Metropolitan, Imari; Westminster Plate, Ambition; Great Surrey Handicap, Avebury.